THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE DEAD BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMELINE CLARK.

The baby fell asleep one day,
And wet with tears, we laid away
Our treasure in the common clay.

Laid him where God's beloved rest,
With hands upon his pulseless breast,
And death upon his eyelids pressed.

Death's silence on his lips was laid,
And Death his busy fingers stayed,
And desolate our home was made.

The angels turned their harps of gold,
And welcomed to their happy fold,
The spirit earth had tried to hold.

But with our hearts so full of pain,
Our dull ears list the sound in vain,
Our dumb lips cannot join the strain.

But ye, His hosts with voices strong,
Oh, sing some new, exulting song
Of praises which to God belong!

Those little feet in dust to-day,
Will never, *never* go astray,
To walk destructions widened way.

Those lips will no deceit begin,
Those hands will never deal with sin,
That *heart* will let no *evil* in.

THE OAK OF VINCENNES.

FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN.*

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

Every reader of poetry will remember Byron's beautiful poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon." The Castle is situated at the eastern extremity of the lake of Geneva, Switzerland. It is built on an isolated rock, surrounded by deep water, and connected with the mainland by a wooden bridge. Bonnivard, prior to St. Victor, was confined here from 1530 to 1536—a victim of despotic power.

I.

At a little distance on the right side of the high-road from Paris to Vincennes there stands an enormous oak tree. Centuries fraught with storms had swept across it, and had not even bent its proud head. Fresh and green it stood upon the summit of a gentle eminence, commanding the whole neighborhood, which, covered with meadows, extended as far as the walls of the ancient town of Vincennes, with its numerous spires. At its foot flowed a rivulet, pure as crystal, offering a refreshing draught to the weary traveller, who not unfrequently reposed here.

The oak of Vincennes had its history—its peculiar celebrity. For generations back the nation had regarded it with a sort of veneration; and woe to him who had dared to break off the smallest branch! It was a sacred thing. And yet neither did the young people gather here for their Sunday's dance, nor did a merry fair give it consequence, nor had there been a battle won, nor yet a miracle wrought here in darker ages past—nothing of all this. What was it then that invested this oak with such high importance?—Its gigantic height? That, to be sure, was extraordinary, and France scarcely possessed a second tree like the oak of Vincennes; but that did not form its claim to respect. The cause of its celebrity lay rather in a national custom, in a very ancient and sacred practice. Here, for generations and generations, the kings of France had given public audience to their people. Every year, on the first of May, the king stood or sat beneath this tree, and the plain was covered with a countless multitude. Every one might approach his sovereign and lay before him his wishes, griefs and difficulties, sure of having speedy redress; for, should the king not be able to pass judgment at the time, the chancellor noted down the matter, and a decision was certain to follow from the court of justice or from parliament. This custom had been sacred for centuries, and not until the period of the wars of the Huguenots had it fallen into disuse. The dissolute life of the court was not favorable to an act where the roguish tricks of the nobles, the injustice of the governors, had so often found their unwelcome way to the ear of the monarch. The nation contemplated with grief the oak of Vincennes, and the beautiful custom had very nearly passed into tradition.

Suddenly a proclamation was issued throughout the country:

"Henry the Fourth, the gallant, valiant king, the favorite of the people, will again perform the old custom on the first of May, and hear, with his own ears, the grievances and wishes of his subjects beneath the oak of Vincennes."

The joy was beyond measure which this news called forth. In the latter days of April, which do not rank among the most agreeable, caravans were to be seen all moving towards the ancient Vincennes. The national costumes of the whole of France might be observed; those from the Pyrenees and the borders of Italy so picturesque, those from the north so stiff and unmeaning. Peasants and tradespeople came; functionaries and knights; monks, priests and Huguenot clergy in their long, black gowns and snowy white bands; women and girls, old men and youths; in short, all ranks and all provinces of the kingdom were represented, and the neighborhood was so crowded that the people dwelt and slept under tents, and hastily erected huts before the walls of the old city and fortress, all full of the hope of beholding their magnanimous king, and confiding to his generous sympathy the burdens of their hearts.

II.

On the 30th of April the road from Paris was literally besieged. All the inhabitants from many miles round hastened thither to see Henry, the king of the people, for it was rumored that he would enter the tower of Vincennes, as the old castle was called, with all the splendid array of his court. Everything was prepared in great magnificence, the gateways were decorated with green branches, and all were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the king, who was known to be so solicitous for the welfare of his subjects, that he had been heard to say he wished to see every one of them sufficiently well off to be able to have a fowl for dinner on Sunday. The men descanted on the warlike deeds of the king, the damsels and matrons on his beauty and gallantry, and everywhere his praises resounded. The Huguenots declared that his going over to the Papal Church was a mere form, a step he had taken only to save France from civil war, while the Catholics extolled the religious zeal of the royal proselyte. Thus every one had his own opinion; but one and all agreed that he was just, upright, brave, and amiable.

The populace waited with a patience which did not even yield to the most urgent demands of hunger and thirst. It became evening. Night enveloped the assembled throngs of people in her sombre mantle. The stars shone brightly forth from the deep blue of the clear heavens, and glanced lovingly down upon the gayly ornamental scene. He did not come. And yet the disappointed crowds displayed no annoyance, no anger. Many a heart felt fearful, it is true, that its hope of seeing him might fade away, yet they all declared:

"Henry will not disappoint us! He will come very early to-morrow morning. Something important must have occurred. God grant that it be nothing bad!"

The people at length retired, amidst chatting, singing, and shouts of mirth, part to their lodgings, part to their tents and huts, and an hour later the high-road and its immediate neighborhood were so perfectly quiet, that a stranger passing at that late hour could not have guessed that but a short time before thousands of happy beings had been congregated there. The hour of ten had already pealed its hollow chimes from the towers of Vincennes, when a troop of horsemen approached from the direction of Paris. They were engaged in lively conversation, two of them at least, while the rest rode at some distance behind them.

"We are glad, Sully," said one of these two, turning to the stately horseman on his left, "that we have escaped the crowd. No one has an idea of our arrival in Vincennes."

"Yet your majesty is in general unwilling to avoid the happy people, who delight in seeing their favorite," replied the person addressed, namely, the Duke of Sully.

"You are right, Sully," answered the noble Prince of Bearn (for it was he), "but to-day we were not quite in the humor for it. Even a king sometimes desires quiet, especially as to-morrow we shall have a serious and fatiguing day. God grant us discernment and clear judgment!"

"Sire, the grace of God has richly endowed your majesty with that, as will be made evident on the coming day!"

"Sully a flatterer!" cried Henry IV.

Sully laid his hand upon his faithful heart.

"The Lord knows that I am sincere!" said he, with feeling.

"We also, Sully!—we also!" replied the king, stopping his horse, for the Oak of Vincennes stood, its gigantic outline magnified through the twilight of the stars, before the eyes of Henry IV. "What is that, Sully?" demanded he.

"That is the Oak of Vincennes, sire," replied Sully, "where the kings of France heard their people, and judged them to the best of their ability and conscience, where to-morrow your majesty will perform the most graceful acts of royalty."

The king's eyes rested upon the tree, and he kept his favorite white horse stationary, until the retinue of horsemen approached.

"Montmorency!" cried the king—and one of the company was on the spot in a moment—"ride on as far as the drawbridge of Vincennes in the utmost silence, and there await us."

Before Sully could utter a remonstrance, Henry had leaped from his saddle, and Sully felt himself obliged to follow him; the troopers withdrew, the tread of their horses was soon lost in the distance, and the profound stillness of the lovely night again resumed its sway.

Henry, accompanied by Sully, walked slowly and silently towards the oak. The space around the tree had been evened. Green twigs, chopped fine, had been strewed upon the ground, which had been raised so that the sovereign's foot might not strike against the thick roots, covered with rough bark like the trunk, which, spreading in every direction, were previously exposed to view.

When Henry stood beneath the leafy canopy of the gigantic tree, a sensation of awe thrilled his soul. He remained for some moments absorbed in deep meditation; then clasping his hands, after taking off his hat, he prayed silently.

Sully also felt greatly moved. The stars might have been reflected in the tears which stood in his eyes, if their beams had been able to penetrate through the thick foliage of the tree. He, too, prayed for his bosom friend, who wore the crown of France, and never had his prayer been more devout and more sincere than it was then.

After a while, Henry replaced his hat upon his head, and, turning to Sully:

"Friend!" said he, earnestly, "prayer has strengthened our soul. We hope to God that to-morrow we shall fulfill our duty!"

"I am sure of it," said Sully."

"Did you ever witness such a tribunal, or rather such an audience, Sully?" asked the king.

"Never, sire! The period when such tribunals were held here is so very far back, that I have only heard an account of them."

"And do you think that the renewing of the custom will be beneficial?" inquired Henry.

"Why should it not, sire? Here the truth, plain and simple, undisguised and untainted, will reach your ear, and the bulwark of the court will not stand between you and the people!"

So spoke Sully.

"Right, Sully; but—"

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed Sully, "let no *but* oppose that which I have ventured to say. Each *but* is a barrier, and between your majesty and your subjects no barrier should exist which could separate your hearts. The monarch can only be that which he ought to be when he is willing to hear the truth, and when he allows free access to his ear and to his heart!"

"True, very true, Sully. We wish this, and should we ever think otherwise, then remind us of the Oak of Vincennes."

"I shall never have cause to do that!" exclaimed, Sully, in great emotion. "I pray to God that He may not let me live to see it at least," added he more slowly.

"Hush! Sully, we hear people coming," said Henry. "They appear to be approaching us and our quarters. The tree is thick enough to conceal us from the advancing strangers. Perhaps we may be unbidden witnesses of a case which is to be decided to-morrow."

Both stepped behind the trunk of the tree, and it was well they hastened to conceal themselves, for the speakers approached rapidly.

III.

"See, my lady," said the rough but rather tremulous voice of a man, "there is the fatal tree, where, in spite of the good advice of a faithful old servant, you intend, with such unusual perseverance, to seek justice from the capricious king against one of the first nobles of his court, and consequently one much about his person. We of Picardy say proverbially, 'Accuse the devil to his grandam and you will get the worst of it,' certes come away without justice."

"Mortbleu?" whispered Henry, softly to his minister, "we have heard a simile of which we could never have dreamed. Is the man right?"

"Perhaps," said Sully, softly.

"What! you also?" asked Henry, not without symptoms of rising anger.

"Your pardon, gracious sovereign," whispered Sully. "We are standing now under the Oak of Vincennes, and you wish truth! Do you not think that it might be difficult for a simple maiden to obtain justice against one of your highest subjects?"

Henry bit his lips and was silent.

"You judge very severely, my good Lafont," replied a youthful voice of captivating sweetness. "King Henry is too gallant not to hear me, and too just straightway to decide in favor of my guardian."

"Do you hear?" whispered the king to Sully, "I have won an advocate *there* who is much needed against you."

Sully smiled to himself, and thought the old man would soon proceed in his oration, and so it happened.

"Gallant! yes, that he truly is," continued the old man, whom the lady had designated by the name of Lafont; "only too gallant they say, for many a time he forgets the serious duties of a monarch amidst the pleasing frivolities of love. Henry is just, that does not admit of the slightest doubt; but he is too much indebted to the rich and powerful Baron de Fezensac—do not be annoyed, lady, if I speak freely—for the sake even of a young and lovely maiden, to offend the man who won for him and his cause the beautiful province of Picardy. That is, dear lady, an important point. Henry is a politician. He who can renounce his faith for a crown will surely not be inclined, for the sake of a girl, to make an enemy of a man so influential and so capable of bearing malice as the Seneschal of Picardy!"

"Sully! Sully!" whispered Henry, for the two persons had descended and come quite close to the oak. "Parbleu! he is reading me a lecture that makes me rejoice it is night, for you might perhaps see something like the blush of shame upon my cheek!"

Sully laid his finger upon his mouth, as he whispered back very softly:

"Your majesty's advocate will chase it away."

Both persons had now stepped beneath the protecting branches of the oak. If Lafont's harsh words struck him rather hard, the truth of his remarks respecting Henry's gallantry were soon sufficiently corroborated, for the king had gained so much interest in the young lady, that he could not resist peeping a little from behind the trunk of the tree, to see if she who was so favorably disposed towards him were beautiful enough to justify his taking her part.

Fortunately they both had their backs turned to the king, and there was no danger; he did not gain his object, but he beheld before him a noble-looking, slender figure.

She wept softly.

"You deprive me of all the cherished hopes, Lafont, which have hitherto supported me and kept me from despair. If justice be not done me, I shall take the veil, and my estates will fall to the Church."

"The Lord prevent that!" ejaculated the servant.

"Oh, God!" muttered the young girl, praying in an undertone, "guide the king's heart to-morrow when he stands here and listens to my petition! Also strengthen me, that I may not be totally overcome!"

"I admit that I tremble at the idea of the moment," continued Lafont, "when you will have to speak. I fancy it must be something peculiar to stand before a king. Although he is not an inch better than any other child of man, still the majesty which surround him is a charm that easily ensnares one, and, as it were, exalts him far above us."

"I also think so," said the lady, "and I will not deny that my heart begins to beat more rapidly each moment that brings me nearer the catastrophe."

"Do not call it a catastrophe, lady!"

"Well, as you will, Lafont; yet"—at these words her voice became firmer—"my love gives me courage, and my just cause, strength. But let us hasten back, or else your sister might look in vain for us; for later the hirelings of the Prince of Bearn dare not let down the drawbridge for us again, and Widow Desquelbec, who is an aged woman, and requires rest, will be put out of her usual habits by us."

The two withdrew, and scarcely were they sufficiently removed from the king's sight and hearing, than he stepped forth from his hiding-place, and Sully followed him.

"Ma foi!" cried Henry to Sully, "I have learned more here, in a quarter of an hour, than I should have done in a year in the society of the wisest of the earth. Who is this young lady? Who this fatal Lafont?"

"She told your majesty distinctly enough!" replied Sully. And a smile of contentment played round his well-formed mouth, which, however, was not visible to the king.

"You are right, Sully; the bearish old poltroon has quite confused my ideas. Did she not say that she was Fezensac's ward?"

"Quite correct, sire."

"And what did she say of her affairs?"

"Nothing, sire, only the little word 'love' escaped her. True! I recollect; '*Accuse the devil to his grandam!*'"

"I wish the grandam and grandson had you then, you poltroon!" grumbled the king to himself, and it was evident that the coarse words had wounded him; however, his great good-nature and gay temper soon conquered. "Come, Sully!" exclaimed he, laughing, "follow the devil's grandam; let us go towards Vincennes, and there sound old Fezensac a little, and get at the bottom of this secret."

With these words Henry descended the hill, and Sully had to walk rapidly to keep up with him. Upon the high road he took his friend's arm with good-natured familiarity, and the horsemen of the retinue were soon reached. The king flung himself upon his horse; his silver horn summoned the seneschal, and the drawbridge fell with a creaking sound. Unnoticed, Henry rode into the ancient city. After Lafont's lecture, nothing in the world would have made him enter with royal pomp.

"Fezensac!" cried he, as he dismounted at the gate of the castle, "we wish to have a little conversation with you and the Duke of Sully. We shall expect you both in an hour's time!"

The seneschal bowed low, and Henry stepped into the brilliantly lighted, antiquated castle, within the portals of which the hero-like form of the king disappeared.

IV.

With a respectful bow, young Henry de Rohan entered the chamber of the castle which was assigned to Sully.

"Sit down by me, son of my oldest friend," began Sully, drawing the tall, handsome young man to a sofa, "I want to speak to you on a subject of some interest, and my time is short, therefore to the point at once. Fezensac has a son?"

"Quite right, and only one."

"Do you know him?"

"Certainly."

"What sort of a youth is he?"

* The tales of W. O. von Horn are universally liked in Germany, and are deemed leading works among what is called "the Christian popular literature" of the day. W. O. von Horn is an adopted name, the real name of the author of "The Oak of Vincennes" being Oertel.—*Translator.*

"Ask at the Pre aux Clercs, dear sir, and you will hear a good deal of him."

"That is to say, he is a brawler?"

"Something of the sort—"

"And what else?"

"Not much."

"Bad! Is he handsome?"

"No one has said so yet."

"Has he success with the women?"

"In gaining their hatred, yes."

"That is worse and worse. But you have no mercy on him."

"If you wish untruth, sir, you should not question a De Rohan."

"True, I thank you; but, my young friend, they say that this young Fezensac is about to marry."

"I have considered it as a jest."

"They say his father wishes it."

"That may be. I should like to see the girl who would be his wife."

"Poor fellow!"

"Do not pity him, dear sir; he is not worthy of a wife, unless she resemble himself."

"Does he accede to his father's wishes?"

"Nothing can be less agreeable to him than that, for he would most unwillingly renounce the licentious life he is leading."

"So his father wishes to force him to matrimony?"

"Perhaps; if he could succeed."

"I thank you, Henry, for these frank answers; but now I must be off."

"Be so good as to tell me why I went through this examination?"

"Rest assured," replied Sully, laughing, "that you will get the most satisfactory information to-morrow, beneath the Oak of Vincennes. Adieu!"

Henry de Rohan went away shaking his head, for he could not comprehend the noble Sully.

A short while after the latter, dressed in the rough costume of a peasant of Picardy, and accompanied by an old servant of the castellan of Vincennes, left the castle, and disappeared with him, in the narrow and dark streets of the town.

V.

In a little cross street of the old town of Vincennes was situated the small dwelling of the Widow Desquelbec, Lafont's sister. She had married an honest citizen of Picardy, who followed the trade of sword cutler, at a period when a good sword was invaluable to those who knew how to handle that weapon. Attached to no party, this cutler served the Huguenots, the Guises, and the Royalists with equal fidelity. He died. His wife, borne upon the property of the Marquis de Fongeres, clung with all the attachment of a native of Picardy to her lord's family, with whom, besides, her brother had served as valet-de-chambre, and had risen to the trustworthy office of an intendant.

What joy filled the heart of the childless widow when she learned, through a countryman, that Jaques her beloved brother, was coming to visit her, and would bring his beautiful young mistress with him—an honor of which she had never dreamt. What scouring and brushing now began, and every luxury that her station and fortune could command was concentrated in the chamber of honor which the marchioness was to occupy.

The lovely Lucie wished to remain quite unknown and unobserved at Madame Desquelbec's, but the whole of Vincennes knew fully ten days before who was about to honor the dwelling of Dame Desquelbec. Thus, without much trouble, Sully was able to find out who Lafont's sister was, and who was with her, also where she resided.

He had taken a great interest in the young lady's case, principally because he suspected some foul play on the part of the justly despised Fezensac, whose great services in gaining the province of Picardy could alone, in some measure, balance in Sully's eyes the avarice, covetousness, and other vices of this man high in office. King Henry was blindly prepossessed in Fezensac's favor, and often allowed himself to be misled by him, notwithstanding his esteem and love for the most noble minister who ever offered counsel to a crowned head. The object now was to unveil the character of this man, and Sully did not disdain to put on a mask in order to behold vice in its naked deformity.

It was getting late; the marchioness, fatigued from the journey, had already sank into the arms of sleep, and only Lafont and his sister still chatted familiarly near the lamp, when there was a slight, and then a louder knock at the door. The widow rose to open the door, however, with anxious precaution, needful on so late a visit, the object of which she could not in the least comprehend.

"Good evening, Dame Desquelbec!" said an honest peasant of Picardy, in the broad dialect of his home, as he entered.

He had a splendid figure, tall, straight, and firm, with something so noble about him, that his appearance would have excited Lafont's suspicion if the man had not begun to chat to his countryman with the utmost good nature. He had, he said, known the Sieur Desquelbec intimately, and was a countryman of his, that is to say, from the same town; having heard that his friend was no longer alive, he determined to pay a visit to his widow, as he happened to come to Vincennes with a complaint to the king. He then told that the stags in the forests of the lord of Fezensac had eaten up the whole of his harvest, that he had killed some of them to frighten the rest away, whereupon Fezensac had shamefully ill-treated him.

Lafont listened with eager attention. His provincial accent and the tenor of the story awakened his interests, and he became quite frank and intimate, which is generally the case with the natives of Picardy when they meet a countryman abroad.

"Yes, friend Lissac" (thus the stranger announced himself), said Lafont, with emphasis; "this Fezensac is an abominable man, who, unfortunately, stands in great favor with good King Henry. There is only one thing I cannot comprehend; they say that Sully is as penetrating as he is brave and good, and yet he has not unmasked this rogue!"

"Who knows how that is," said Lissac. "Sully, after all, is no more omnipotent than any one else, and the good king is quick-sighted enough. He will discover the tricks of this man, and—I hope that I shall lend him a helping hand!"

Quite right, compere Lissac—just so! Believe me, my young mistress will lend her aid also," said Lafont.

"Who is that?" asked Lissac, with a face of stupid honesty, the like of which could not be found in the whole of Picardy.

Lafont raised the fur-cap which he wore, and Lissac respectfully did the same. This display of reverence followed the mention of the name of the Marchioness Lucie de Fongeres.

"But what has this lady of the noblest race of Picardy, in common with the old dragon, Fezensac?" demanded the seeming Lissac.

"True, the noblest and most renowned family of our lovely home," said Lafont, "but, nevertheless, dependent on this monster, for she is his ward!"

"What do you say, Sieur Lafont?"

"So it is, my friend," continued Lafont. "Only fancy, he wishes to marry this young creature, this angelic being, to his horror of a son, so that the fiefs and allodial lands of the De Fongeres might fall to his family. In order to bring this about he imprisoned the young lady, threatened to give her out to be deranged, to put her in a convent, and Heaven knows what mental torture he caused her in his endeavors to attain his shameful object. Therefore my lady has secretly escaped from the castle of her forefathers, in order to tell her grief to the king beneath the oak of Vincennes, and to seek relief!"

"But why will she not take the young baron?" asked Lissac.

"Can you not guess that? First of all, young Fezensac is a Catholic and my mistress is a Huguenot, whose father fell at the massacre on St. Bartholomew, which she can never forget; but besides, she loves another.

"Ay, she should take *him* then."

"Simpleton," grumbled Lafont; "that is just what she does not dare to do, because she has not yet attained her majority."

"Who is the fortunate man, though?" Inquired Lissac.

"Well, since it interests you so much, know that it is the noble Lord de Elichy; noble, it is true, like any other, but at the same time as poor as any church mouse in France."

"But is he not here?"

"Of course; how could *he* allow his beloved Lucie to go without following her at a respectful distance to protect her from danger."

"That is brave of him!"

"To be sure; but nothing else can be expected from such a fine young man. Elichy is very brave!"

"Elichy?—Elichy?" said Lissac, reflecting. "It appears to me that I knew him; or was it his father, who fell at the slaughter of Bassy?"

"Right; it is the same. His father fell there, by the hand of the Guises?"

"The son himself has served the Prince of Bearne, has he not?"

"Yes, he has; but since the king has renounced his faith he has withdrawn from court, and—in order to escape the powerful Fezensac's hatred, which pursued him everywhere."

The hour of midnight now struck. Lissac took leave of his new friend, and promised to come again to-morrow. He departed, and Madame Desquelbec was awakened by the noise his rising occasioned out of the sweet slumber into which she had fallen during the conversation of the two men.

VI.

Impatient at Sully's non-arrival, Henry IV. paced up and down the vast apartment. It was arranged with old-fashioned splendor. Tapestry hung on the walls, manufactured by the skillful and far-famed weavers of Venice, representing rare birds in the most brilliant colors, perched on the calix of many a lovely flower. A large mirror ornamented the chamber. Sofas and stuffed seats were placed round the wall. Rich and massive furniture stood about. The floor was covered with a costly carpet.

The wax-lights had burned low when Sully at length entered.

"What has kept you such an eternal time?" demanded Henry, half angrily, of his friend and minister.

"Truth costs sometimes much," replied the Duke de Sully, with a low bow. "I was obliged to don the costume of Picardy, and call forth from my memory the dialect of the province, to get a clear understanding of the affair of Fezensac!"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the king, and the ill humor which had hitherto darkened his brow gave place to a bright smile. "Excellent, Sully; we can only regret not having been present. Did the old bear break forth again against us?"

"Not exactly that," said Sully; "we had other matter to speak about."

"How did you gain his confidence?"

Sully related how he had introduced himself; and, lastly, what he had gathered of the case in point.

Henry wildly stamped his foot upon the ground.

"It is true," cried he, "Fezensac seized every opportunity to excite our suspicion of poor Elichy's sentiments, until we at length dismissed him, and drove him from us by our ungracious conduct. Sully, can it be remedied?"

"Why not, your majesty?"

"Advise me how."

At this moment the servant in waiting announced the old Baron de Fezensac, and at a nod from the king he entered. His was one of those countenances, shrivelled up, yellow as a citron, with the most marked, cut-throat features, which makes an impression so inexpressibly repugnant that we can only behold it with loathing, only remember it with aversion. Henry IV. seemed to experience this to-day for the first time. He felt a cold, an icy cold shudder when the repulsive nobleman approached him, bowing profoundly, but still with an air which bespoke the knowledge of his importance.

"Ah, Fezensac," cried the king, "you are late, my lord."

"I crave your majesty's pardon," said the old man, softly, "a messenger from home detained me. My gracious lord, forgive the father of a family for allowing himself to be overcome a moment by his feelings."

"So from Picardy, my lord! Well, what news is there? I pray you tell us."

The old baron became confused. Henry observed this.

"It seems to us as if some evil had happened to you; we are sorry, but—"

"Why should I be silent before my royal master?" said the old man at length, with great emotion. "My ward has absconded from me with her old servant:"

The king smiled.

"That is very sad," said he; "but tell me, how could the young lady fall in love with her 'old servant,' as you say?"

"Not so, your majesty, not so!" exclaimed Fezensac. "A noble De Fongeres is incapable of so debasing herself. I have expressed myself incorrectly if your majesty could thus misunderstand me. She has escaped, accompanied by and under the protection of Lafont."

"Escaped!" repeated Henry; "that, in a certain degree, implies imprisonment! Who dared to venture to confine in our land the independent heiress of the Marquis de Fongeres?"

The tone in which the king uttered these words was formidable and threatening. His eyes rested with an annihilating expression upon Fezensac.

The latter fully felt the effect of this glance, and the idea that the king might not be totally ignorant of the true state of affairs, made him tremble violently. Still his knowledge of the circumstances whispered to him that this could scarcely be the case. He therefore recovered his presence of mind quickly, and said, as he passed his pocket-handkerchief across his wrinkled brow:

"No one would venture it, sire. But your majesty is surely so gracious as to acknowledge that there are circumstances which might induce a sincerely paternal guardian, in some measure, to limit the freedom of his ward; for example, if by her indiscretion the honor of her house were threatened."

"And what circumstances could justify this arbitrary step?" demanded Henry IV.

The king's tone was so unexpected to the old man that it thoroughly embarrassed him. He stuttered, and could scarcely utter a word. Sully and the king inwardly enjoyed the old sinner's dilemma.

"Well?" asked Henry, impatiently.

"I mean, with your majesty's permission—when—the ward—is about to enter into—an—improper alliance!" at length Fezensac stammered forth.

"Did you not just now say," continued the king, "that a De Fongeres was incapable of so unworthy a step?"

"I—did—say so, sire, but meant a marriage with a servant."

"Indeed!" drawled out the king. "Perhaps, Baron de Fezensac, you will not be disposed to dispute that we are chief guardian of all minors in our kingdom! Consequently, we have the right to demand an explanation. So the marriage in question, of the Marchioness de Fongeres is not of the kind which we supposed: and we may further presume that her lover belongs to the nobility of our kingdom? Is it so?"

"Certainly," stammered Fezensac, "but to the inferior nobility, those whose pedigree is not so ancient."

"What is his name?" asked Henry.

"Guido de Elichy, sire."

"What! Guido de Elichy? The brave youth who fought so gallantly? He is of a nobility as pure and as good as your own, Fezensac. But go now to rest, and prepare yourself to answer us to-morrow, if it be necessary, under the Oak of Vincennes. At all events, we expect an explanation to-morrow evening here."

These words, spoken in a sharp and measured tone, put a finishing stroke to the confusion of the Seneschal of Picardy. He retired almost stupefied, for his disgrace was as clear as day. When he reached his apartment a new fright awaited him, for his son had just arrived. He had traced the fugitives to Vincennes. So they were here! Intended, perhaps, to implore the king's aid! Fezensac tore his gray hair, and heaped torrents of violent abuse upon his son for not being able to conquer the heart of a girl.

VII.

Early on the following morning all the bells of Vincennes were ringing. The king rode to church to hear mass. Crowds of people thronged the streets, and shouts of joy filled the air and drowned the pealing of the bells.

The mass was scarcely over when the people streamed out of the city gates towards the celebrated oak, around which a countless multitude had already formed a wide circle. At the trunk of the tree stood a red velvet, richly-guilt, antique arm-chair, at the foot of which lay a costly carpet. At the bottom of the hillock was a circular elevation of turf, erected in order that the plaintiffs and complaints might be placed higher than the people, and yet lower than the king's seat.

Two heralds, with costly staffs and rich tabards, covered with lilies, stood on each side of the royal chair, over which was spread a handsome canopy. The breathless silence of expectation pervaded the masses of the people.

Presently a shout, like the distant rolling of thunder, burst forth, from the direction of the gates of Vincennes—the king approached.

Accompanied by a numerous train, came the favorite of the nation. Sully rode by his side. Henry wore a white satin doublet, richly embroidered with golden sprigs. A hat with plumes covered his finely-turned head, while his handsome face beamed with captivating affability. The monarch bowed on all sides to his people, as cordially as if they had been his equals.

"Morbleu!" cried Lafont to his young mistress, who, pale as a corpse, stood near him, "the Prince of Bearne is a splendid man, indeed!"

She nodded to him, as her eyes rested upon the king.

Suddenly the king checked his horse. His eagle eye dwelt upon a young nobleman, who stood among the crowd on horseback, and whose melancholy look had attracted the king's attention.

"If we mistake not, we see yonder the knight Guido de Elichy," said he to the Seneschal of Picardy, Baron de Fezensac. "Hasten, seneschal, and summon him to us."

As if thunderstruck, he, to whom this order was given, turned his horse. The people made room, and he soon stopped before Elichy, and said, with piercing glances, "The king wishes to speak to you."

Elichy was surprised, but he immediately recovered himself, and obeyed the command. When he reached the king he bowed low.

Henry held out his hand to him, which Guido scarcely dared to touch.

Breathless silence reigned around. All eyes were fixed upon the king and Elichy, who awaited the royal commands.

"It is long since we have seen you, Knight of Elichy," said the monarch; "we unwillingly miss from our presence a knight as brave as ever Picardy, that land of chivalry and valor, yet produced. We hope that you will not leave us again."

A long shout of joy from the innumerable men of Picardy, who were present, filled the air. If one had observed attentively, one would have found that the first cheer, in which all the people quickly joined, had proceeded from Lafont's throat.

Elichy was not able to speak from emotion. He bowed low, and Sully held out his hand to him.

"Did you see that, gentle lady?" Lafont asked the blushing girl, whose heart beat violently from excess of joy.

Elichy joined the train, and the king approached the oak, where he ascended, and quickly stepped to his appointed place. The retinue arranged themselves behind him. Sully stationed himself to the right, and Fezensac to the left, of the king.

The heralds cried: "The greatest and most Christian King of France stands here, under the sacred Oak of Vincennes, in order, in the name of God and his saints, to grant an audience, and administer justice to his faithful and beloved subjects! Whoever has cause of complaint, let him approach and speak!"

Again a prolonged hurrah rang throughout the air.

The king made a sign with his hat to stop the cheering, which seemed as if it never would come to an end. In a moment all was perfectly still.

An old man tottered up the turf steps. He bowed his snow-white head.

"What do you wish, my father?" asked the king, mildly and kindly.

"Justice!" said the peasant. "My lord, the Baron de Fezensac, who stands here to the left of your majesty, has, contrary to the rights and custom of our land, and our laws, deprived me of my feod, and given it to one of his favorites. Since then I and my family have starved!"

The ground trembled beneath Fezensac's feet.

Henry turned his piercing eyes upon him. "What have you to answer, Sir Seneschal—you who ought to protect the laws of your country?"

"The case is unknown to me," stammered forth the seneschal.

"It may possibly be," resumed the peasant, "that the old lord knows nothing about it, as maybe it was the son's doing, who sought in vain to gain the love of my daughter."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Henry IV. "Does the father permit the son such power? Go, honest old man, you are again established in your feod, and should any one—understand me well—should any one do you an injury, you know where to find me."

He held out his hand to the old man, who, quite overcome, sank upon his knee and kissed the royal hand.

The people sent forth another deafening cheer.

Fezensac was annihilated. He leaned upon his sword to save himself from sinking.

"Now—now is the right time!" exclaimed Lafont to his beautiful companion, who had attentively watched this scene. He drew her forward, almost unwittingly to herself.

The people opened a passage for the death-pale young lady dressed in deep mourning, and she timidly approached the oak, beneath which Henry sat.

She was scarcely able to support herself.

"Courage—courage!" whispered Lafont to her, carrying rather than leading her.

When Lucie drew near the turf steps, the importance of the moment had such an effect upon her that she was hardly able to ascend.

Henry saw the pale, lovely girl approaching, and he quickly recognized her and her aged guide. The sight of her captivating beauty annulled his anger at old Lafont's ill-natured speech. He gazed with delight upon the nobly formed figure, full and yet slender, upon the charming countenance, and, carried away by his gallantry, he sprang forward, all the dignity of the king yielding to chivalrous courtesy, and led her to the platform.

The marchioness very nearly fainted—but above, under the oak, one heart throbbed in fearful despair.

"Take courage, beautiful lady!" said the king, in the most winning tone. "We know your position already; speak freely!"

These words from the king's mouth reassured the young marchioness. She began in a low voice, yet intelligible to the king, and without looking at him, to relate her guardian's treatment of her.

"What!" cried the king aloud, interrupting her; "the Baron de Fezensac is again the accused? He wished to force you to marry his son, whom you detest?"

"So it is, sire!" almost whispered the young girl.

"He locked you up?"

"So it is, sire!"

"And really kept you prisoner?"

"Two months, sire!"

"But that is most atrocious?"

Old Lafont raised his voice.

"Will you accuse the devil to his grandam, old man?" asked the king, in an under tone.

And the peasant turned pale.

"Pardon, my liege and master!" cried he, after a moment. "I was deceived; I did not know you then as I now know you!"

"Good!" continued Henry. "Well, what do you wish to say?"

And the old man began to describe Fezensac's shameful behaviour towards the orphan; how he locked her up like a criminal, allowing her only bread and water, and how at length she had escaped, in order to seek help from the king, adding that, in case she should fail to obtain it, she was determined to enter a convent.

"No!" exclaimed Henry, captivated by the natural eloquence of the old man, "such beauty must not fade between convent walls. We are chief-guardian of all orphans in our kingdom. On the strength of this our office, we herewith declare the noble Marchioness de Fongeres to be of age, and free from the control of her unworthy guardian, the Baron de Fezensac!" Then, turning to the latter, he said: "Baron, we fear that accusations might continue to be heaped upon you, in which case we should be obliged to imprison you! You suffer much by these accusations. What have you to say in your vindication?"

Fezensac was silent. His lips trembled. They were blue, and his complexion ashy pale. The staff of the seneschal dropped from his hand.

Sully quickly bent down, picked it up, and handed it to the king.

"You are aged," resumed the king, after a moment's reflection, "and your hand can no longer grasp the staff of the Seneschal of Picardy. Retire to your estates, baron, but be *human*—forget not our words, be *human*—towards your dependents. The office of a seneschal requires to be held by one possessing more youthful vigor. Guido de Elichy!" cried the king.

Elichy stepped forward. His was a form of exceeding beauty, power, and dignity.

"Kneel, Elichy!" said the king.

He did so.

"By right of our sovereign power," the king now solemnly spoke, "we place the staff of Seneschal of Picardy in your hands, Baron de Elichy. Hold it with a firm hand. Protect the rights, the customs, the freedom of the people. Be a father to orphans, the support of dependents. Rise, Lord Seneschal!" now loudly cried the king.

Elichy arose, and, with tears of emotion in his eyes, gazed on his royal benefactor.

"That you may effectually protect the rights of one orphan, I wish to unite her very closely to you," said the king, smiling. He made a sign to Lafont, who led Lucie forward, and Henry placed her beautiful hand in that of the new seneschal's. "Let love and faith be your motto!" said Henry; "and, in order that the noble name of Fongeres should not become extinct, we desire that henceforth you shall call yourself Marquis de Fongeres, Elichy."

Unbounded cheers filled the air far and near. Then, turning to old Lafont, the king, laughing, said:

"Do you still complain of the devil to his grandam?"

Lafont sank upon his knees.

"Rise, old man," continued the king, "and henceforth think better of us!"

The happy pair withdrew at the king's wish.

Fezensac had disappeared.

The administration of justice continued until all claimants were happily satisfied, and it was late before the monarch retired from the exciting scene.

In the evening, Sully bent his knee before Henry IV., and exclaimed, with deep emotion:

"*Sire, you are the greatest king that France ever saw! God bless you!*"

Henry raised him, and pressed him to his heart:

"Sully," said he, "*I shall never forget the Oak of Vincennes!*"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'ER 10, 1864.

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THE WAR.

Amid the inevitable fluctuations of war, it is impossible that one side should be always victorious. But one fact still remains to be true, that, whether defeated or triumphant, the Union armies lose very little territory. As a general rule, the valley of the Shenandoah being about the only exception, what they once win they hold.

And now, at the present writing, again comes the cry of victory. Farragut has taken Fort Morgan. As a correspondent on board the fleet says:—

"In twenty days' campaign we have captured three forts, 1,500 prisoners, 100 pieces of cannon, and a vast quantity of small arms and munitions of war, provisions enough to feed the garrisons for six months, and the ram Tennessee—the strongest war vessel afloat. We have taken several other vessels, which can all be put to useful purposes, and we have penned up in Mobile harbor at least three first-class English blockade runners. All this has cost the army one man killed and six wounded. It has cost the navy the loss of the Tecumseh and part of her crew, and very few casualties on the other ships. It is a remarkable fact, that, during the bombardment on Monday, Fort Morgan never fired a gun. Our batteries fired so rapidly, and with such extraordinary accuracy, that the rebels did not dare to show themselves outside of the casemates. Fifteen guns were broken, dismounted, or in some manner rendered useless to the enemy, had he been able to man them."

Mobile may or may not be taken—but the capture of the forts and the closing of the harbor are even more important than the capture of the town itself.

And Sherman has taken Atlanta! That splendid and wonderful campaign of the great Army of the West has been brought to a triumphant close. We have not all the particulars, but it is evident that when Sherman's army moved to the south of Atlanta, Hood had to fight or run. If the importance of Atlanta to the rebels was even half of what they said it was, its capture must have a powerful effect. For rebel writers have not hesitated to say that the fall of Atlanta was the fall of the Confederacy.

Grant, too, still occupies the Weldon road—the importance of which to Lee is evident by the fierce attacks made to drive him from it. Lee is thus compelled to assume the offensive, and its attendant heavy losses.

It is argued by some that Lee has summoned a large portion of Hood's army to his assistance, in order to recover the Weldon road, preserve Virginia, and overwhelm Grant. It may be—but in so doing he gives up the West, and exposes his rear. Still it is not improbable that

Virginia is viewed as "the last ditch," of which we used to hear so much in the early periods of the war.

With 100,000 more men, Grant claims that he can now take Richmond, and end the rebellion. Undoubtedly he will get the men. And it may be that we are nearer the close of the war than many think. After that wonderful march from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and the capture of the latter, notwithstanding its formidable intrenchments, it is hard to say what cannot be done by men whose skill and courage and determined tenacity of purpose have never been excelled on this globe.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

QUIET. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway. For sale by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE, AND BACK BY WAY OF RICHMOND. By EDMUND KIRKE, author of "Among the Pines," "My Southern Friends," &c. New York: Carleton, publisher. For sale by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

ENOCH ARDEN, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. For sale by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

JOHN GUILDERSTRING'S SIN. A novel. By C. FRENCH RICHARDS. New York: Carleton, publisher. For sale by Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE TAX PAYER'S GUIDE: An Analytical and Comprehensive Digest of the Internal Revenue and Excise Tax Laws of the United States. Being a concise compilation of the Revised Acts of Congress now in force, passed June 30th and July 4th, 1864. The whole arranged alphabetically for easy use and reference. By THOMSON WESTCOTT, of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: A Winch, 505 Chestnut street.

A New Life.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BROOKVILLE, Sept. 1, 1864.

Dear Editor:—The morning after I wrote you last, I arose feeling rather nervous, knowing the task for the day to be a negotiation with Miss Fairlamb. Soon after breaking fast I started, in company with the Doctor, for the domicile of the fair maiden. Arrived there, we plied our knuckles, front and back, for some time without success, but at last a voice was heard from a second-story window, inquiring what we wanted.

We stated our errand—were repulsed. I received permission to send for my baggage, but was not allowed to enter; consequently I was obliged to return to my friends until I could make arrangements for a removal from Brookville.

Our non-success being communicated to our companions of the previous day, plans were laid for a continuation of our mutual enjoyment while we might remain together.

An excursion upon the water was proposed for the beginning of the week, and was hailed with pleasure.

Accordingly, as the sun was peeping over the hills on Monday we hastened to the water, and the tiny fleet was soon launched upon the bosom of our own beautiful Susquehanna.

We had not proceeded far when a gentleman came running to the shore, calling upon us to return.

Our boat being the last off we put back, and I had the pleasure of recognizing in the Doctor's friend an old acquaintance from the city—Professor Tomley. As he figures somewhat largely in the entertainment of the day, I will introduce him to you by a few lines from the "immortal bard:"

"His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow;)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

To me, there is an indescribable and irresistible influence in the quiet and peaceful gliding of a vessel upon the water. It is as the life of a Christian, whose foundation is sure—the billows may roll—the waves may toss and dash their foamy spray against the vessel, but, the turbulence of the water is unheeded—above the roar of the ocean is heard the "Songs of the Redeemed"—and smoothly his little bark glides onward, passing the shoals of life, until it is safely harbored in the "Haven of Rest."

Unlike the triumphant voyage of the Christian is that of him whose foundation is but sand;—like the tempest-tossed mariner, he is beaten and buffeted by the waves—the storms of life break over him filling his tiny vessel—he is forced farther and farther from the "Haven," until, finally, he is cast upon a rocky and barren shore, alone and helpless, or sinks into the deep—down, down, into the fathomless abyss.

But a voice of singular melody and sweetness drowns my thoughts and awakens me to the scenes around me—it is the Professor singing that beautiful, but melancholy song, "Rock me to sleep, mother." We are now approaching a small encampment, on a slight eminence, near the edge of the river, which proved to be the tents of a small party of Indians. They greeted us warmly and invited us to give them a call; some of our ladies picturing to themselves their scalpless heads, were fearful, but being partly convinced of the friendly and harmless feeling existing, consented to land.

We found, in conversing with them, that they had been in attendance at the "Great Sanitary Fair" in our State, and were resting there awhile on their way home. They requested us to sing for them. We complied, and they sang in their native language in return; they danced the "war-dance," and showed us a number of curiosities. We were altogether much pleased with our visit, and descended to our boats, amid the kind adieus of our aboriginal acquaintances.

We proceeded pleasantly and gayly on our way, our admiration continually provoked by the beauty, richness and grandeur of the scenery, until we neared the rapids, when we moored our barks and began to make arrangements for building a fire and preparing our dinner.

The only tenement at our landing was a small frame "Cottage by the Sea." It appeared to be uninhabited. We walked around it, looked into its dusky window, and were proceeding to force the door, to take possession by right of discovery, when it was suddenly opened by a rough-looking man. We apologized for our intended forcible entrance, at which he laughed heartily, and bidding us make use of it and all its contents, left us, to return to his work—hewing trees, in the woods at a short distance. We entered and found the room small and dirty; soiled dishes piled up in one corner, a barrel of rubbish in another, and everything in like disorder. We made a fire in the stove, and not relishing the idea of eating in the house, the gentlemen carried the table and what seats could be found to the shade of a tree, and washed them, while the ladies made the coffee, roasted potatoes, boiled tomatoes, &c.

We sat down to a most inviting repast. The beauty of our situation, the music of the water falling over the rocks, and the savory dishes, regaled our sight, our ears and our palate.

We had replaced the furniture and were repairing to our boats again, when we found one of our party, the Professor, missing. He had strolled off, to bend his knee as a devotee at the shrine of that vile seducer of our youth, "tobacco." We waited fifteen or twenty minutes, when, to our amazement, he returned bearing in his arms a babe, whose "debut" into the world had taken place not many days back.

Amusing was the praise he heaped upon "the sweet little babe," as he termed it, for being good and not spoiling its beauty with crying. He insisted that it must be hungry, and requested a slice of bread and butter for it. To satisfy him we were obliged to soften some bread and feed it. We then turned our faces homeward—the infant still in the hands of the Professor, who persisted in holding it, laughingly remarking, in boyish phrase, "finding's keeping."

As the shadows began to deepen, we arrived safely in Brookville, and, placing our charge with an old lady who was willing to care for it until other arrangements could be made, retired to our homes. I had written to the third, fourth, and fifth places on my list, and found them filled. I had sent to the sixth and last, and found a favorable answer awaiting my arrival. It is with a physician, and a carriage will be sent for me in a couple of weeks, the family being away from home, at present. It was my desire to remove to the hotel, but at the earnest solicitation of my friends, I yielded my wishes to theirs, and still form a part of the household of the squire.

Respectfully yours, G. M.

P. S. I have gained six pounds in weight since I commenced a search for my health.

G. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose's Party.

The Roses were very nice people. They lived in a beautiful place of their own, and were one of the oldest families in England; indeed, I could not tell how many generations of Roses had lived and flourished in the very same spot. Centuries ago, the "Wars of the Roses" occupied a prominent place in history; but in these peaceful times there was no call to arms, and the family had settled down as ornaments and blessings to the country.

The present Mrs. Rose was as much admired, and quite as popular, as any of her predecessors, and although many younger and gayer beauties had appeared in the neighborhood, she always kept her place. If she *had* some sharp points in her character, she very seldom showed them, so that many enthusiastic admirers considered her perfect, and did homage to her as a sort of queen. Her portrait had been painted times without number, and almost every poet had praised the extreme sweetness of her sigh. Her husband was said to be a cousin of her own, one of the Moss Roses; his features bore a striking resemblance to those of his wife, only he wore whiskers and a moustache, which gave him quite a military air.

One lovely summer's evening Mrs. Rose had invited a number of her friends and acquaintances to a party—a sort of garden fete, which she thought the young folks at least would enjoy. I happened to pay her a chance visit on the evening in question, and found her in full-blown beauty, fresh from Venus's looking-glass, waiting the arrival of her guests. She entreated me to remain by her side, as Mr. Rose had planted himself in another part of the grounds; and, indeed, I found it impossible to resist the fascination of her society. The company soon began to assemble, and among the earlier arrivals were the Misses Campanula, from a neighboring cathedral town. They wore very large crinolines, and double-skirts of lilac and white—tall, showy girls; Mrs. Rose said they were generally called the Canterbury belles. Miss Polly Anthus came next, in ruby velvet, edged with gold. She looked very nice, although her figure seemed a little stiff and short beside the other ladies. Then entered Miss Ann Tirrhinum, very gay, in a crimson and white striped silk. Her appearance was striking and fashionable, but I noticed she had an ugly habit of opening her mouth on the slightest pinch.

Mrs. Rose received with marked respect Mrs. Mary Gold, an elderly English lady, who brought her two nieces from foreign countries, and as they had both the same name she introduced them as African Mary and French Mary. They were all dressed in yellow satin. I thought the girls looked rather *brown*, but Mrs. Rose said people considered them worth cultivating, as they were very rich.

Lady Saxifrage and her daughters swept in with a great air, in rosettes and feathers. Mrs. Rose just whispered "London pride," but advanced to meet them with her usual grace and sweetness, taking especial notice of Pretty Nancy. An old lady (with a curious name, which I forget) was dressed in something that looked like white cotton velvet! Mrs. Rose said that she was always peculiar, and she really believed her flowers were Everlasting.

Then followed Miss B. Larkspur, Miss C. Pink, May and P. Blossom, and a whole family of Asters; but really the arrivals became so numerous, and the ladies crowded in so fast, I could no longer distinguish individuals; but I caught now and then very sweet names, as "Rosemary," "Lily," "Violet," "Marguerite," &c., and felt certain the owners of them were all lovely and interesting.

Among the gentlemen, Mr. Auricula, though no Dandy, was decidedly the Lion of the evening. He was splendidly got up in a court-suit of purple velvet, and wore powder. I thought his manners were exceedingly stiff; he seemed as if he could not bend to any one; but Mrs. Rose told me he was nearly related to the Grand Turk, and we must make some allowance. Major Convolvulus was quite different; he was so fond of waltzing, and twirled round every one he could lay hold of; he even attacked old Mrs. Scabious, the widow; but she was as stiff as a Pincushion, and looked so black, that he went off to another quarter.

Every one remarked Mr. Wallflower's appearance; he looked really old, and dreadfully seedy. Good Mrs. Rose made an apology for him also, and said it was so late in the season, he was quite used up with being so much "out." "But oh!" cried she, "here comes little Mr. Box, as trim and neat as possible. Come away, Mr. Box; I declare you're an Evergreen!"

"Ah, madam, may we not say the same of *Yew!*"

"Capital, Mr. Box. Now, *edge along*, and see if you can manage to keep my young folks in order. What a plain little dwarf he is!" continued she, looking after him; "and yet he is exceedingly useful at times, particularly in putting one's little plots and designs into shape. Many people have got quite tired of him; but, for my part, I never cast out an old friend, even although he does require *keeping down*, and is not ornamental."

The music, by an admirable arrangement, seemed to proceed from the neighboring trees, and was all vocal; the choristers uniting their voices in the most exquisite harmony, while the beautiful lamps of heaven twinkled through the foliage. As the evening advanced, the young people got into capital spirits, and had lots of Hops and Capers; indeed all formality seemed to wear off. I heard prim little Polly Anthus calling her partner Sweet William, and Tom Ato really proposed to one of the Canterbury belles "Would she accept of a Love Apple?" Even Mr. Auricula condescended to act the Dusty Miller in a charade. Major Convolvulus asked Miss Mimosa to take a turn down the walk, but she said she was sure the "Nightshade was Deadly, and she was so much afraid of seeing the Devil-in-a-Bush;" whereupon he whispered she was a little Sensitive Plant, and that no one should touch her. Captain Heath had chosen Lily (of the Valley) for his partner. I heard him expatiating on the delights of living on the mountains of Scotland, among the grouse; of climbing up rocks, and hanging on the edge of a precipice; and he wished to goodness he could transplant her there, the belles in his country were so unpleasantly *blue*. Upon which she hung down her pretty head, and said she preferred the shade; but if there was any little glen where she could live near him, she thought she should like it very much.

Everybody seemed happy but Miss Amaranth, who only drooped the whole evening. Nor did I wonder, after overhearing a conversation between her and Violet, under the shade of a beautiful Virgin's Bower. Her dearest friend had met with a dreadful accident—had been blown down in a hurricane, and was so fearfully hurt, she was sure he could never stand upright any more; and he had been so straight, and had such a beautiful head—and though he was only her cousin, and they called him a Coxcomb, she never could have Heart's Ease again. His last words had been Forget-me-not! "Oh," cried she, "my poor Love lies Bleeding!"—I heard sobs, I saw Lover's Tears, and hurried away, unwilling to intrude longer on their privacy.

The supper was quite beautiful. Mrs. Thrift the housekeeper, Sage the cook, and Kingcups the butler, had exerted themselves to the very utmost; and the footmen in handsome new liveries, were perfect Scarlet Runners. The ladies sipped Jelly-flowers and Ambroeia—Mrs. Scabious remarking that the Pekoe tea was the very Pink of perfection; while the gentlemen indulged in Partridge eggs, Buttercups, and a little Shrub. At last, the company began to disperse, and it was time, for poor Mrs. Rose was looking very tired, and many of the musicians had fallen asleep. I waited till the last of the guests had departed, and it was quite amusing to talk it all over. We took a stroll through the deserted garden, and such a scene as it was, dear me! It seemed as if the young people had been called away in the middle of a charade, or had been getting up an impromptu masquerade, for the whole place was strewn with Ladies' Slippers, Ladies' Tresses, Queen's Needlework, Hoop Petticoats, &c.; and we found a Monk's Hood, a Turk's Cap, an Old Man's Beard, Golden Rods, ever so many Bachelors' Buttons, and (horror of horrors to good Mrs. Rose) the Gardener's Garters lying on a seat! She said to me, sighing, she thought she would give up these noisy parties, until her daughters had come out. She thought her next entertainment would be a quiet dinner, a few months hence, when her friends the Christmas Roses would be in the country. "But, dear me," she continued, "how many changes might happen before then! The gayest of my guests to-night might be dead; even I myself"— I saw the dew gathering in the dear lady's eye; and bidding her a hasty, but most affectionate farewell, I sauntered home.

SUICIDE BY STARVATION.

A very curious example of suicide by means of starvation occurred some years ago in Corsica. During the elections, the Sieur V. rushed into the electoral college armed with a dagger, which he plunged into the breast of a man who had done him some injury. The man fell dead at his feet. The assassination was committed in the full light of day, and in the presence of an assembled multitude.

V. was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. His high spirit and resolute character were well known, and it was suspected that he would seek, by a voluntary death, to evade the disgrace of perishing on the scaffold. He was therefore vigilantly watched, and every precaution taken to deprive him of the means of putting an end to his existence.

He resolved to starve himself to death during the interval which elapsed between the sentence of the Court or Assizes and the reply which the Court of Cassation would make to the appeal he had addressed to it.

He had succeeded in concealing from the observation of his jailers a portion of the food with which they supplied him, so as to make it be believed that he regularly took his meals. After three days' abstinence, the pangs of hunger became insupportable. It then suddenly occurred to him that he might the more speedily accomplish the object he had in view by eating with avidity. He thought that the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced would unfit him to bear the sudden excess, and that it would inevitably occasion the death he so ardently desired. He accordingly sat down to the food which he had laid aside, and ate voraciously, choosing in preference the heaviest things. The consequence was that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, from which, contrary to his expectation, the prison doctor speedily cured him.

He then resumed his fatal design. He suffered again what he had undergone before. The torture was almost beyond his strength. His thirst, too, was intolerable. It overcame his resolution. He extended his hand towards the jug of water which had been placed in his cell. He drank with avidity, and, to use his own expression, *was restored to life.*

To avoid yielding again to a similar temptation, he daily took the precaution of overturning the jug of water which was brought to him. Lest he should be induced to raise it to his lips, he threw it down with his foot, not venturing to touch it with his hand. In this manner he passed eighteen days.

Every day, at different intervals, he noted down in his album a minute account of his sensations. He counted the beatings of his pulse, and marked their number from hour to hour, measuring with the most scrupulous attention the gradual wasting of his strength. In several parts of his melancholy *memento*, he declares that he felt it harder to bear the agonies of thirst than those of hunger. He confesses that he was frequently on the point of yielding to the desire of drinking. He nevertheless resisted.

He was surprised to find his sight become more and more clear, strong, and accurate; it appeared to him like the development of a new sense. The nearer he approached his latter moments, the more his power of vision seemed to increase. On this subject he thus expresses himself:—"It appears as though I could see *through* the thickest walls." His sense of feeling likewise attained the most exquisite sensibility. His hearing and smelling improved in a similar degree. His album contains many curious statements on these subjects.

The Sieur V. had devoted some attention to anatomy and physiology; and he attributes the increased acuteness of his senses to the way in which the intestinal irritation acted on the nervous system.

His ideas, he says, were numerous and clear, and very different from anything he had experienced in moments of excitement or intoxication. They were all directed to logical investigation, whether he applied them to an analysis of material objects, or to philosophic contemplation. He also felt himself inspired with a singular aptitude for mathematical calculation, a study for which he had previously felt very little inclination. In short, he declares that he never derived so much gratification from his intellectual condition, as throughout the whole duration of his physical torture.

He made notes in his album to the last moments of his existence. He had scarcely strength sufficient to hold the pencil with which he traced the following words:—"My pulse has nearly ceased to beat—but my brain retains a degree of vigor which, in my sad condition, is the greatest solace Providence could bestow on me. It is impossible that I can live out this day. My jailers watch me, and fancy they have adopted every precaution. They little think that I have outwitted them. Death annuls the sentence which has been pronounced on me. In another hour, perhaps, they will find nothing but a cold corpse."

V. expired as he foretold. His album has been carefully preserved. It is a record replete with interest to medical professors. The slow torture, endured with so much courage, and described with such remarkable clearness, renders it one of the most curious documents in the annals of medical science.

Illustrating the same point, a gentleman, Mr. I. F. H., stated to the author that he was once under medical treatment for some affection of the eyes, requiring a very scanty diet. His general health was excellent, but he was always hungry; yet so far from having any sense of debility, he had, when he went out into the street, an elasticity of mind and body, an instinctive desire of locomotion, which caused him to feel as if he could almost fly, and a joyousness of spirit, which was perfectly delightful.

These two cases strikingly show, that with a smaller amount of food, and consequently of blood, men are cheerful in mind and active in body; ☞ therefore, a small amount of food, perfectly digested, gives more health and strength than a larger, not so. It is better, incomparably better, to feel a little hungry all the time, than to feel full, oppressed, heavy, with over eating.

Every patient of mine, who ever expects to get well, must keep this fact constantly and practically in view. It is too much the custom to measure one's health by the avidity of his appetite and his increase in flesh, as if he were a pig; forgetting that a voracious appetite and fat are always indications of a diseased body. A uniform moderate appetite is the attendant of good health. A racer's ribs must be seen before he is fit for the track, because then he is most capable of endurance.

With a moderate amount of substantial food and cold water, such being prisoner's fare, men may live for many years, with but little exercise, in the dark vaults of a prison, breathing all the time an atmosphere not very pure, as may be readily supposed. And it is earnestly hoped that the incidents narrated will leave upon the mind of every reader a life-long impression as to the value, both to the sick and the healthy, of living habitually on a moderate allowance of plain, substantial, nourishing food. It may be well to recollect here that it is not the quality, so much as the quantity of food, which lays the foundation every year of innumerable diseases and deaths. Let it be remembered, also, that men need a variety of food; living on one or two kinds for a length of time will always undermine a healthy constitution. Milk only has all the elements of life; and any other one kind of ailment, used indefinitely as to time, will as certainly deteriorate the constitution, bodily and mental, as anything that is planted will deteriorate if kept for successive years in the same field unrenewed. The popular notion that one or two kinds of food at a meal is *most wholesome*, is wholly untrue. On the contrary, several kinds at a meal, other things being equal, are more conducive to our well-being. Quantity, and not quality, is the measure of health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE rebel Gen. Hood, who commands at Atlanta, is described by a person who has recently seen him as a "white-headed, homely, spindle-shanked fellow, about thirty-two years of age, and over six feet tall; had been pretty well hacked to pieces; one leg gone, an arm useless, a lot of bruised ribs, and a broken collar-bone."

PROVOST MARSHAL Gen. Fry has just issued the following order:—*Washington*, Aug. 31.—Deserters from the rebel army are not subject to enrolment or draft, nor are they acceptable as substitutes or recruits. JAMES B. FRY, Provost Marshal General.

TOM TAYLOR, in one of his London letters to the Manchester Guardian, writes that he has heard from a medical officer of volunteers of the patent fact that very few crack shots (especially with small bores) keep up their "form" for many years, or even months, together. It is that one effect of shooting with very delicate sights, at long ranges, is to produce a partial congestion of the retina, which, if it were allowed to go on, might end in the loss of the sight of the eye altogether.

LATEST NEWS.

Gen. Sherman's official report of the capture of Atlanta was received by the War Department on the 4th inst. Our army withdrew from about Atlanta and on the 30th made a break of the West Point road and reached a good position from which to strike the Macon road. A general attack was made on the enemy at Jonesboro on the 1st. The Fourteenth Corps carried the rebel works, capturing 10 guns and a 1,000 prisoners. In the night the enemy retreated and were followed to another line of hastily constructed works nearly Lovejoy's Station.

Hood finding his army cut in two blew up his magazines in Atlanta and left in the night. The Twentieth Corps immediately occupied the place. Our loss will not exceed 1,200, and we have captured 1,750 rebels. A later dispatch from General Slocum states that the enemy destroyed seven locomotives and eighty-one cars loaded with ammunition, small arms, stores, &c., and left fourteen pieces of artillery, mostly uninjured.

From the Shenandoah valley the War Department has received a dispatch stating that the rebels are falling back towards Winchester. Gen. Averill attacked Vaughn's rebel cavalry near Bunker Hill, and drove them to within six miles of Winchester, capturing twenty wagons, two battle-flags, a number of prisoners, and a herd of cattle. General Sheridan's whole army is moving.

Gen. Rousseau is in pursuit of Wheeler. In the late engagement the rebel Gen. Kelly was mortally wounded and was captured.

IMPORTANT ORDER BY GENERAL HEINTZELMAN ABOUT ARMS.—Gen. Heintzelman, at Columbus, Ohio, has issued an order forbidding, during the next sixty days, the delivery or transportation of fire arms within the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois or Michigan, unless shipped or delivered to an authorized officer of the United States government.

"Dealers in these articles, or others having them in their possession, will in no event, be permitted to sell or deliver them during that time. It is the duty of all military commanders, and all Provost Marshals, and their assistants, to see that this order is enforced, and to seize all such articles as may be clandestinely sold, shipped or delivered in evasion of it. Such property will be at once reported to these headquarters for the decision of the commander as to its disposition. Forwarding, selling or delivering such articles during this time, if now in transitu, excepting that they may be forwarded by such railroads as now have them in possession for safe keeping, will be considered an evasion of this order. The facts of such forwarding will be reported to these headquarters."

☞ TOO MUCH REWARD.—In a tract distributed by the Mormon preachers the following question and answer occurs: "What shall be the reward of those who have forsaken their wives for righteousness sake? A hundred fold of wives here, and wives everlasting hereafter!"

☞ A Vermont farmer sent to an orphan asylum for a boy that was smart, active, brave, tractable, prompt, industrious, clean, pious, intelligent, good-looking, reserved and modest. The superintendent replied that their boys were all human, though they were orphans, and referred him to the New Jerusalem if he wanted to get his order filled.

☞ The farmers of Lincoln, Mass., are doing an extensive business this season in raising pickles. One man, from two and a half acres of vines, has gathered, at two pickings, 67,000 pickles. One man gathered from his five acres, at one picking, 80,000.

☞ Lawyers generally know too much of law to have a very clear perception of justice, just as divines are often too deeply read in theology to appreciate the full grandeur and the proper tendencies of religion. Losing the abstract in the concrete, the comprehensive in the technical, the principal in its accessories, both are in the predicament of the rustic who could not see London for the houses.

☞ "DUE TELL."—What did William Tell's son say to his parient after the apple was shot off his head? "Father," said he, (probably,) "I've had an arrow escape." This, however, is only suppository; because what Tell junior really said to Tell senior, on that occasion, can never be told. Mrs. Partington is of the opinion that when old Tell asked the "brave Swiss boy" whether he should shoot, the youthful hero emphatically replied, "du Tell."

☞ There is an excitement in Paris because it is maintained that the Blondin who has been performing at the Hippodrome there is an impostor, and not the original American Niagara Falls Blondin. The imposition is said to have existed with the concurrence of the manager. The real name of the genuine Blondin is said to be Gravelet—M. Gravelet, of Rouen, and the impostor is really a Monsieur Lebrup.

☞ The number of prisoners captured by Gen. Grant since the crossing of the Rapidan in May last, is stated at the War Department to be upwards of fifteen thousand.

☞ An army correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the railroad now running from City Point to our lines before Petersburg is to be extended eight miles to our left on the Weldon road. Our soldiers have taken rails enough from the Weldon road to build it, and it is estimated that the road may be entirely finished in ten or fifteen days.

☞ People may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em, said Mrs. Partington, and how they fat upon it; for my part, I think it is owing to the victles. Air may do for camomiles and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something more substantialler.

☞ While the Ninth Michigan Cavalry were stationed near Covington, one of the boys took a stroll through the market, and seeing a very large chicken on a huckster's table, asked the huckster the price of the *goose*. "Goose!" exclaimed the man of poultry; "you must be a goose yourself." "No, I ain't," replied the cavalry man, "I'm a Ninth Michigander."

☞ A few days since a dunner called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gent taking him aside and blandly saying: "My dear sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

☞ An Irish orator, in a recent speech, made the following capital parody on certain well known lines by his countryman, Tom Moore:—

The fool that is gulled never harbors a doubt,
But as truly is gulled to the close,
As a bull, if you once set a ring through his snout,
Ever after is led by the nose.

OLD TIMES.

Old memories haunt me as I gaze around
  Upon the heather ripening into bloom,
These mountain paths are consecrated ground,
  And dear the graceful fern and golden broom.
Thy feet once pressed them, and it seems to me,
All things are lovelier for thy memory.

There is a path which leads through 'tangled grass,
  Unto a rustic bridge across the stream;
This was our favorite walk; I often pass
  Along it now, and close my eyes, and dream
That in the sweetest sounds which meet my ear
I recognize thy voice, so musically clear.

Beyond the bridge a tiny forest lies,
  Where two could well converse, themselves unseen;
We often sat there, and for our fond eyes
  Nature put on her loveliest shades of green.
The birds sang joyously, while hand in hand
We kept a silence each could understand.

What need of words? when thoughts beyond all speech
  Beamed from our eyes in many a tender glance,
I gazed on yours, and you on mine, till each
  Seemed to be lost in a most blissful trance;
Until the fervent pressure of your hand
Recalled us both from dreams of Fairy-land.

Another path we sometimes took, was one
  That led through marsh and swamp up to the hills;
Against that wooden rail you leant your gun,
  The dogs stood idle, and the game-bag swung
Carelessly from my wrist; so stood we till
Night failing, found the bag was empty still.

O dear old days that never can return!
  O passionate youth, that lives its life twice o'er!
What would I give to feel my heart once burn
  With half the fierceness that I felt of yore!
My life sits wearily—its brightness flown—
Old memories fade—I am once more alone!

ILLA.

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyatt," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART XXXIX.

WAS SHE NEVER TO BE AT PEACE?

When you have two parts of a history to relate, scenes different, it's rather difficult to know which to begin at. Here are several people demanding our attention at once. Events are thickening; and if the past few months were devoid of action, a great deal of it is crowding into the present one.

Perhaps it will be better to give the precedence to Miss Davenal and Sara. News of an unpleasant nature was on its road to them; but they sat at breakfast, unconscious of its nearness, waited upon by Neal the immaculate, in all confiding security, entirely unsuspicious of that gentleman's desk researches of the previous evening. A letter came in: it was directed to Miss Davenal in the hand-writing of Dr. Keen.

"What's agate now?" exclaimed Miss Davenal, as she opened it. For it was not very usual for the doctor to write in the middle of a quarter. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Madam,

"I grieve much to have to inform you that an accident has happened to your nephew, Leopold. It being a half-holiday yesterday afternoon (granted, according to annual custom, on the auspicious occasion of Mrs. Keen's birthday), the young gentlemen had leave accorded them to go into the fields and gather blackberries. Engaged in this (hitherto deemed harmless) recreation, Leopold unfortunately met with a fall. In stretching up to reach a high branch, he lost his balance, and fell from the top of a bank. I fear he may have been pushed, but the boys appear not to be quite clear upon the point. At any rate, he fell in some way with his arm doubled under him, and, on examination, it proved to be broken.

"Deeply sorry as I am to be obliged to impart to you this sad news, I can yet qualify it in some degree by stating that it is a simple fracture. It was at once set, and the surgeon assures me it will do as well as possible. Mrs. Keen bids me say that she does not think Master Leopold has appeared very strong of late: I have remarked myself that he looks delicate. Master Davenal, I am happy to say, is quite well, and gives us every satisfaction in his studies, in which he takes great pleasure.

"With very kind remembrances from Mrs. Keen to yourself and Miss Sara Davenal, and best compliments from myself,

"I remain, dear madam,
"Faithfully yours,
"John Keen.

"Miss Davenal."

Miss Bettina threw the letter on the table in an access of vexation.

"If that mischievous Dick was not at the bottom of it, I shall wonder!" she exclaimed. "He pushed him off in his roughness. He *is* rough."

"What is the matter, aunt?" asked Sara, in amazement.

"Matter enough!" ejaculated Miss Bettina. "Leopold has got his arm broken."

"Oh!" She read the letter which her aunt handed her. Not a demonstrative girl—those who have experienced grievous causes of suffering rarely are demonstrative—Sara sat in silence revolving the tidings. "I wish we were near them," she said at length.

"It's of no use to wish that. We should have been near them but for being driven from Hallingham. Of course, it is something to know that it is a simple fracture, and that the boy's doing well."

"Yes, I do trust the arm will do well," was Sara's answer. "But, aunt," she added, after a pause, "I seem to think more of Dr. Keen's intimation that Leopold has not been strong of late, than even of the accident. I wish they could have some change!"

"I wish we could all have it," returned Miss Bettina, who, in the quiet room and close to her niece, was hearing very well this morning.

"I know they were dreadfully disappointed at being left at Dr. Keen's for the summer holidays. Leopold did not say so much as Dick, but he *felt* it all the more."

"If we could live without meeting crosses, this life might be pleasanter than it is," was Miss Bettina's retort. "What if Leopold did feel disappointed? It would not make him ill."

"We don't know Aunt Bettina. How often have we heard papa say that the mind acts upon the body in a far greater degree than is usually suspected. If it were possible for Leopold to go for a month to the sea-side!"

"Who is to take him?"

Sara hesitated.

"I suppose I could not, Aunt Bettina?"

"*You!*" retorted Miss Bettina. "Do you think you are old enough to go gadding about unprotected, taking boys to watering-places? What next?"

Sara sighed. Certainly she *felt* old enough. Care, with her, had been a substitute for years.

"When Leopold's arm shall be sufficiently cured to allow of his travelling in safety, we must have him up here and nurse him, that's all. Understand, Sara," she added, turning her keen eyes full on her niece, "I have no money to spare. Were it absolutely essential that Leopold should go to the sea-side, I do not see how I could find the money for it. London living is more expensive than I had thought."

Sara could only bow in silence. She knew that the living was expensive; she knew that the sum that came over from Barbadoes annually was not sufficient for the full expenses of the boys, now Dr. Davenal was gone. He, in his large-hearted generosity, had helped in so many little ways, and said nothing about it. The cost of the last holidays at Dr. Keen's had been paid out of the pocket of Miss Bettina: and Sara knew—she felt it every day to her heart's core—that she was an interloper on her aunt's bounty.

"I'd have every blackberry-tree in the land rooted up, if I had my will," exclaimed Miss Bettina. "Boys are as venturesome as monkeys when their mouths are in question. They don't care for their clothes or how they get torn; they don't care for their shirt-fronts or how they get stained: they fight, and quarrel, and climb, and scratch their hands and faces with the thorns, and all for greediness—that they may fill themselves with those rubbishing berries. And now they have caused this mischief! The boy's arm may be weak for life. Yes, if I had the power, I'd destroy every blackberry-tree that grows. I should think Dr. Keen will interdict 'blackberrying' for the future."

"I wonder how it happened!" said Sara, musingly.

"So do I," said Miss Bettina, in a tart tone. "One would think the bank was as high as a house. They'd climb up a house, boys would, if they thought they should find blackberries growing upon its roof. Ah, never shall I forget—it has this moment recurred to my mind—Leo's father coming home in a sorry plight when he was a boy. *He* went blackberrying. He went without anybody's knowledge, too, and was absent for hours, and we grew alarmed at home, as was natural, for he was but a little fellow of eight. I remember my dear mother feared he had fallen into some pond, but we children thought Johnny had gone after the wildbeast caravan, which had been in the town exhibiting two bears and an elephant. He arrived at home at dusk: and I'm sure he looked more fit to belong to a caravan than to a gentleman's house. His knees were out of his trowsers, and his brown-holland blouse was in flounces, and his shirt-frill had three hanging rents in it, and his hair and face and hands were crimson with the stains, causing my mother to cry out with fear at the first sight of him. To crown all, he had filled his new straw hat with the blackberries, and the juice was dropping through the crown! John does not forget that exploit, I know, to this day. Your grandpapa gave him a sound whipping and sent him to bed supperless: not so much for the plight he had put himself into, as for roaming out alone and frightening my dear mother. Johnny was ill three days afterwards with stomach-ache, from the quantity he had devoured. *He* remembers blackberrying, I know; and I should think Mr. Leo will, after this."

"I hope his arm will soon be well!"

"Dr. Keen might have mentioned what surgeon was attending to it! If Mark Cray had remained at Hallingham," continued Miss Bettina, very sharply—for it was impossible for her to speak of that exit of Mark's without sharpness—"he might have gone over by rail, and seen that it was being properly—What do you say, Neal?"

Miss Bettina's interruption was caused by the entrance of Neal. Mrs. Cray's maid had come round and was waiting to speak to Miss Sara.

"Let her come in," said Miss Bettina.

The tone was as sharp a one as that just given to the absent Mark. Mrs. Cray's maid, a remarkably fashionable damsel, did not reign in the favor of Miss Bettina. She came in in obedience to orders; a pink gauze bonnet on the back of her head, and a pair of dirty and very tight straw-colored gloves strained on her hands. Miss Bettina's countenance lost none of its severity as she surveyed her.

"What do you want, Long?"

"If you please, mem, my message is to Miss Sara Davenal," returned Long, portly, for she did not like Miss Bettina any more than Miss Bettina liked her.

"Tell it, then. Miss Sara Davenal's there, you see."

Long fairly turned her back on Miss Bettina as she delivered the message she was charged with. She explained that Mr. Cray's mother and sisters had arrived unexpectedly the previous night, and the object of her coming round now was, to ask if Miss Sara Davenal would go out with Mrs. Cray senior that morning.

"Arrived last night unexpectedly!" exclaimed Miss Bettina, who had been bending her ear. "How many of them?"

"Four," replied Long. "Mrs. Cray and three Miss Crays."

"It's well the house is large! *I* should not like to be taken by storm in that way."

"I suppose I can go, aunt?"

"I suppose you can't refuse. What's it for? Where is she going?"

"Where is Mrs. Cray going, do you know, Long?" asked Sara.

"I believe she's only going shopping, miss," answered the girl, who was always civil to Sara. "I heard her say she must get a bonnet, and other things, before she could appear in London. My mistress has promised to take the young ladies out, and she said perhaps you'd be so good as accompany Mrs. Cray senior, as she does not know London."

"I don't think I know it much better than she does," observed Sara, smiling. "But you can tell Mrs. Cray that I shall be happy to accompany her, and to render her any service that I can. Oh! and, Long, will you tell your mistress that we have received sad news from Dr. Keen," she resumed, as the maid was turning away. "Poor little Leopold has broken his arm."

"And that he did it scrambling after blackberries," indignantly added Miss Bettina.

The maid departed, saying that Mrs. Cray senior would be round in the course of the morning. Sara went up to the drawing-room, and opened her letter-case, which she used sometimes instead of getting her desk. Her first thought was to write a few consoling, loving words to poor Leo. But, ere she began, she leaned her aching brow upon her hand; the vision she had seen at the window of Bangalore Terrace, as they drove to Lady Reid's the previous night, had left its sting upon her brain.

A slight tap at the door, and Neal came in. He could not but note the weary expression of her face as she looked up at him. He advanced to the table, some papers in his hand, and spoke in a low voice, as if what he said was for her ear alone.

"The postman brought this letter also, Miss Sara. It was enclosed in this envelope addressed to me by Master Richard. "Perhaps you would like to see what he says."

Neal was really honest in this. Possibly he saw no opportunity to be otherwise. Sara, in some curiosity, took the papers from Neal's hands. The whole lot was characteristic of Dick. The envelope was addressed "Mr. Neal, at Miss Davenal's. Private," the proper address of their residence being added. On opening it when delivered to him by the postman, Neal had found it to contain a sealed letter for Miss Sara Davenal and a scrap of paper evidently torn *from a copy-book for himself*. On the latter, he read the following lines, and these he now showed to his young mistress.

"Dear Neal, give the note to my Cousin Sara when nobodys buy and be sure dont let aunt bett see it or therell be a row, R. D."

"Oh, thank you, Neal," she said heartily. But as the man left the room and she broke the seal, a half dread came over her of what it could contain.

"Dear Sara

"The most horrid catastrofy has happened, leo's gone and broke his arm, and I want to tell you how it was done I must tell somebody or I shall burst, leo's a brave little chap and kept his mouth shut when old Keen and the doctor were asking questions and he let them think it was through the blackberys, we had half holliday it was Mrs. Keens berthday and we went after the blackberys, this was yesterday afternoon, and about 6 of us, me and Jones and tom Keen and Halliday and leo and Thomson, if you want to know which of us it was, where separated from the rest and got into one of farmer clupp's feilds and what should we see but his poney trying to nible at the short grass, we set up a shout, which Halliday stoppt for fear of being heard, and caught him, and then there was a shindy as to which 3 of us should have first ride, for we were affraid thered not be time for the other 3 if the school came up, and the under master dogskin (thats our name for him hes a sneek) was with them, so to end the dispute we all 6 got on the poney and a stuning gallopp we had only it was rather close to sit, well leo was the hindmost and as he hadnt much beside the tail to sit on he fell off, but he must be a great duff for he had held on all round the feild once, he says it was Jones moved and made him fall and tom Keen says hes sure it was, for Jones who has got the longest legs kept jogging them to make the poney go and he was next to leo and leo held on by him, I was first and guided the poney and in taking the sweep round at the turning leo shot off behind, his arm was doubled under him and a soft duffer of an arm it must be for it took and broke, we didnt know he was gone at first, Jones called out young Davenal's off, but we thought nothing and galloped all round the feild again, he was lying there when we got back and his face was white and we called to him and he never answered so we stopt the poney and went to him, Jones tried to pull him up and leo screamed, and halliday calls out Im blest if I dont think hes hurt, leo began saying he hoped he wasnt kill'd, you know what a regular little muff he is, we picked him up at last and when we saw his arm hang down we were frightened above a bit, well we didnt know what was to be done, we carried him into the next feild where the poney wasnt, for fear of anybody suspecting and just as we had laid him by the bank the rest of the fellows came down the lane and saw us and tom keen called out that davenal junior was hurt, with that they came up and Marsh (thats dogskin) looks up at the high bank above leo and sees the blackberys growing atop of it and sings out to leo, I know how this was done, you where on the top of that bank trying to get blackberys beyond your reach and you fell off it, well if youll believe me sara we never told the story to say yes, only Jones said says he I'm sure I dont know sir how ever he managed to fall, and Marsh he thought he did fall off the bank and went off to take the news to Keen, and us 6 all thought what a jolly chance it was that we had happened to lay him down by the bank, and none of them ever saw the poney, leo was carried home and Mrs. Keen she came out with a face as white as his, tom how did it hapen, says she laying hold of tom, and we got affraid again, for toms uncomon fond of his mother, but he didnt split, and then Keen came and the surjon came and Keen he says to leo how *did* you fall did any body push you off the bank, no sir says leo, and the surjon he asked how it was done, and leo shook like anything, and began to cry, affraid he should have to tell a story at last which he cant bare, he was shut up in a room then with the doctor and Keen and one or two more and we heard him cry out when they were setting his arm, but you know what a baby he is poor littel chap and I wish with all my hart it had been me to be hurt instead of him, the worst is I should have lost my share of the supper and a jolly good one they give us on her berthday every year, cakes and tarts and pidjon pies and lots of things and we have to dress for it and a heap of duffing girls come to it in white frocks but we dont mind em much, and dear sara thats the whole facts of how it came about and I couldnt write it truer if I were telling it to poor Uncle Richard himself, leos all jolly this morning and he is in bed and has got no lessons to do and he says I am to tell you that he'll never get on a poney with 6 again and Mrs. Keens very kind to him, and Miss Keen (shes the big one you know) is going to read him some storys, he says I am to tell you it doesnt hurt much, and oh sara there's only one thing we are sorry for, that Uncle Richard isnt alive to cure him because hed have him home to Hallingham to do it and perhaps me as well and I should get a holliday from these horrid books, I shall send this to neal for fear of aunt bett, and mind you hide it, and dont let a sight of it reach her, we are awfully afraid of that about the poney getting to old keens ears for thered be the dickens to pay, yours affectionately Dick."

"p s leo sends his love and he hopes you wont be angry with him for breaking his arm and I am writing this after school at twelve instead of playing, Good bye."

Sara smiled, in spite of herself, as she folded up the letter. But she thought it rather a wonder there had not been a few broken legs among the "6," instead of one broken arm. One minute later and Miss Davenal would have seen it. She came into the room with her things on.

"Are you going out, aunt?" asked Sara, rising from her seat.

"You can't," returned Miss Bettina misapprehending the words. "You must wait at home for Mrs. Cray. I am going to match that wool."

"Is Neal going with you?"

"I don't want Neal. Do you suppose I shall get run away with? I have sent him out elsewhere."

Miss Bettina departed, and Sara wrote her letter to Leo. She wrote also one to Dick, giving him sundry entreating warnings against ponies and such like forbidden fruit. But she had little faith, as she folded it, that it would have much effect on daring Dick.

Sara got ready for Mrs. Cray, and went down to the dining-room. She took up a book, but had not been looking at it many minutes when she saw Neal come up talking to a young person, whose condition in life it was rather difficult to guess. In these days of *dress*, it is difficult. She had a pretty face, Sara could see that, though a veil covered it; her gown was one of those called a "washing silk"—and very much "washed out" it seemed to be; and a smart shawl just flung on the shoulders trailed on the ground behind. But for this trailing shawl and a sort of general untidiness, there would have been something superior about the girl. In the face she looked like a lady, and Sara had seen many a lady worse dressed.

Sara, behind the blind, could see them, but they could not see her. Neal stood a moment at the door and then looked down over the railings of the area.

"Are the ladies out?" he asked.

"Yes," came back the answer in Dorcas's voice. The woman evidently did not know that Miss Sara had not accompanied her mistress.

"You can come in then," Sara distinctly heard Neal say to the lady—if lady she was. And he opened the door with his latch key.

They stood talking in the passage for some little time in an under-tone, and then Neal took her into the back room. It opened to the dining-room with folding doors; but the doors were always kept closed: and indeed the back room was chiefly used as Neal's pantry. Sara, who at first had been doubtful whether it might not be a visitor to herself, came to the conclusion that it was only a visitor to Neal, and she resumed her reading.

But the voices grew rather louder. And the words "Captain Davenal" caused her to look up with a start. No wonder she should start at that name, remembering the past. A sudden fear came over her that something or other connected with that past was again threatening her brother.

She could not hear more, for the voices dropped again to their covert tone. Another minute and Neal was conducting the stranger to the front door.

"We shall hear more by the next mail; but there's not the slightest doubt he's married," Sara heard him say as he passed the room. "The lady is an heiress: a Miss Reid."

"Well," cried the other voice, "I'll have satisfaction. I'll have it somehow. I don't care what punishment it brings him to, I'll have it."

The visitor went away. Neal closed the street-door upon her and turned to behold his young mistress at that of the dining-room, a scared look in her eyes, a white shade upon her face.

"Neal! what has that young"—Sara hesitated between the words *person* and *lady*, but chose the former—"person to do with Captain Davenal?"

She had spoken without reflection in her impulse; in her renewed fear, which she had deemed buried with the past. Neal for once in his life was confounded. He did not speak immediately: he was probably striving to recall what had been said, inconvenient for her to hear.

"Tell me at once, Neal; I insist on your speaking," she reiterated, attributing his hesitation to unwillingness to speak. "Indeed it is better that I should know it. What was she saying about my brother?"

That alarm of some nature had been aroused within her, that she was painfully anxious, and that the alarm and anxiety were connected with Captain Davenal, Neal could not fail to read. But his speech was certainly less ready than usual, for he still kept silence.

"I heard you tell her that Captain Davenal was married; that further news would be in by the next mail," pursued Sara, growing more inwardly perturbed with every moment. "What was it to her? Who is she? For what purpose did she come here? Neal! *can't* you answer me?"—and her voice grew quite shrill with its alarm and pain.

"Miss Sara—if I hesitated to answer, it is that I do not like to speak," he said at length. "I tell the young woman she must be mistaken in what she says—that it *can't be*. But she won't hear me."

"What is it that she says? Have you seen her before to-day?"

"She has been here once or twice before. But for understanding that you and my mistress were out, I should not have allowed her to come in this time. I am very sorry that it should have happened, miss."

"But what *is* it?" returned Sara, nearly wild with suspense. "What has she come for?"

"She has come to ask questions about Captain Davenal."

"But *what* about him? What is he to her?"

Neal coughed. He took out his handsome silk handkerchief—he always used very handsome ones—and wiped his mouth. Sara trembled. His manner was unpleasantly mysterious, and it seemed that she was on the verge of hearing something terrible.

"Does she know my brother?"

"She says she does. Miss Sara, I would have given a great deal to prevent this happening to-day. It will only worry you, and I dare say I could still have put her off and kept her quiet."

"Neal, tell me the worst," she cried, her voice and heart alike growing faint. "I must hear it now."

"Well, Miss Sara, she says she is the wife of Captain Davenal."

"She—says—she—is—the—wife—of—Captain Davenal!"

The words were echoed slowly in very astonishment, a pause between each. Vague as her fears had been, they had not touched on this.

"It *is* what she says, Miss Sara. *I told her* it must be one of two things—either that she was deceiving me in saying it, or that she was herself deceived. But she insists upon it that she is his true and lawful wife; that she was married to him nearly twelve months before he went abroad. She says my late master, Dr. Davenal, knew of it."

Sara stared at Neal in a sort of helpless manner. Never for a moment did it occur to her to question the truth; her mind accepted it; a terrible calamity; worse, it seemed in this moment, than all that had gone before.

"She came here this morning in consequence of hearing of the Captain's marriage to Miss Reid. I acknowledged that news had come home to that effect: it would have been quite useless, you see, Miss Sara, to deny what's known publicly."

"Neal! Neal! you will not mention this?" came the feverish wish, the first uttered in her bewilderment. "You will guard it faithfully? We—I—some one must see what can be done."

"You may entirely depend on me, Miss Sara," replied Neal, speaking more impressively than was his wont, Neal the impassive. "Of course, miss, the chief thing will be to guard against exposure."

Sara turned into the dining-room, mind and body alike sinking. A sick, faint fear came over her that *this* must be the secret connected with her brother, which had been disclosed that long past night to Dr. Davenal. Another moment, and she did not see how this could be. There would have been no *crime* in it: Captain Davenal was not married then. Her brain was in a chaos of perplexity, her mind agitated with doubt. If this young woman—lady—whatever she might be, was Edward's wife, how could he have married Rose Reid? Was it the money tempted him? Calm, self-controlled though she was usually, a groan of despair broke from her lips.

Neal in the back room thought she called him, and came round to the dining-room door. She looked up as he stood there, and stared at him, just as though she had forgotten who he was.

"Did you call, Miss Sara?"

"I—I—I did not call. Neal—do you know—what the name is?—I mean—what it *was*?"

"Yes, miss, I know so much as that. Catharine Wentworth."

He retired, leaving Sara alone. Almost a rebellious thought was stealing over her—was she *never* to be at rest? Not at much rest just then certainly; for Mrs. Cray had driven to the door and was asking for her.

Sara tied her bonnet mechanically and went out. Mrs. Cray was seated in a fly. She would not alight then, she said: she had a great deal to do. Sara stepped in. Mrs. Cray was an imperious-looking woman, fair and pale, with a handsome face. Sara thought her over-dressed and very fidgety. They were not much acquainted at Hallingham.

"I have nothing to wear," she said to Sara. "I want a host of things. A bonnet first. Mrs. Mark Cray has given me the address of a superior dress-maker. She is a little selfish, is she not?"

"Who is?" cried Sara, in answer to the sentence, which came out rather abruptly after the rest.

"Mrs. Mark Cray. To confess to you the truth, I think she might have lent me the carriage this morning, instead of sending me out in a hired fly, and keeping the carriage for herself and the girls. It seems to be the way of the world nowadays; the young before the old. She is Mark's wife, and I am only his mother."

Whether Sara would have found a suitable answer is uncertain. Something outside completely took away all thoughts of it. They were at that moment passing the War Office: and, coming from it with an angry and determined look upon her pretty face, was the person whom she had just heard called Catherine Wentworth. Sara shrunk back in the cab's corner, dismay on her countenance, dismay in her heart. Had she *already* denounced Captain Davenal at head-quarters?

From milliners to linen-drapers, from linen-drapers to dress-makers, one place after another continually, until Sara was tired to death, the day wore away. The afternoon was getting on when the last commission was done, and Mrs. Cray, who had put on the new bonnet just bought, had leisure to think of the horse and driver.

"Poor things, they must want some repose," she remarked, as she came out of the Pantheon. "Well, there's only one place more. Will you tell the man, my dear?" she added, as she got in. "Parliament Street. You know the number, I suppose."

"What number?" inquired Sara. "Where to in Parliament Street?"

"To Mr. Oswald Cray's. Brackell and Street, I think, is the name of the firm."

"*There!*" returned Sara, in her discomposure. "I can't go there."

"Not go there! My dear, I must go there. Mr. Oswald Cray, is my step-son. I shall call in for a minute to let him know I am in London."

Opposition would be worse than acquiescence. Besides, what could be her plea? Sara, all her pulses fluttering, spoke the address to the driver, and took her place in silence opposite Mrs. Cray.

(To be continued.)

A California Flower.—The Humming-birds' Dinner-horn, or *Pentastemon cerrulata*, a member of the Beard-tongue family, is a very lovely gentian-like flower, which, though called an annual by many persons, proves, in the mild climate of California, perennial at the base. Its brilliant scarlet nodding blossoms, in long spikes, present a very striking appearance, and as they flourish in a light sandy soil, as well as in loam and gravel, they require but very little attention, and form particularly beautiful border plants; they are in autumn the favorite resort of humming-birds, and hence the name of Hummingbirds' Dinner-horn, for the tube and border of the flower give it the general appearance of a small wee dinner-horn or drinking cup. It blooms until very late in the autumn; a succession of shoots form the main stem, and keep up a show of fresh flowers for several months.

☞ Fat Policeman.—"Hi! you young rascals, what makes you cut away?" *Boy* (running away)—"Afeerd you'll bust."

BELLE AT THE STUDY.

Who comes knocking at my door?
"Let me in," says Belle.
Ah! I've heard that voice before
"Let me in," says Belle.
"I will be so good and still;
Dear papa, you know I will
Just a little corner fill.
Let me in," says Belle.

So I spoke the welcome word,
"Come in, little Belle."
Her two little feet I heard.
"Here I come," says Belle.
In there peeped a golden head,
Chubby face, with cheeks so red;
"Welcome, little one," I said.
"Here I come," says Belle.

I was tired and full of gloom
When you came, my Belle;
Dark and lonely seemed the room,
Till you came, my Belle;
But your presence changed it quite,
For you brought a flood of light—
Made my study warm and bright,
Sunny little Belle.

Steve Lidyard's Adventure;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS CITY.

BY EDWIN F. ROBERTS,

Author of "Queen's Musketeers," "Claribel's Mystery," &c.

I give the following as I heard it from Steve's own lips, as I and a half dozen of us sat in a garden one sunny afternoon—a fine cedar lifting up its stately and spreading branches between us and the ardent sun above, and forming a very welcome shade. Cigars and sherry were within easy reach, and among our listeners, besides the city "fogies," there were their matrons and one or two very pretty girls; admirable listeners these last, when they did not, with their own pretty prattle and musical laughter, break upon the more serious progress of the conversation.

"So, it is my turn, is it?" said Steve, in reply to a challenge. "Very well, here goes."

Steve Lidyard, I may say, *par parenthese*, was a fine, athletic fellow, much on the *sunny* side of thirty, bearded, bronzed, and bearing about him evident tokens of having seen hard work and done good service; and, as he had been "out with Garibaldi" up to the last catastrophe at Aspromonte—as he wore a medal or two, and could sport a decoration, though only a "civilian"—it was evident, and well known, in fact, that Steve Lidyard was one of that gallant band of Englishmen who had volunteered to fight in a cause not their own, save that "liberty" is a watchword which rings across the world, and has therefore a significance to every Englishman's sense to which his heart responds in an instant, and in no passive manner either. Steve Lidyard, it is seen from my exordium, is therefore a man of some mark; and I shall now proceed with his narrative, which, according to a phrase *now in vogue*, is "awful to relate."

"So, it is my turn, is it?" said Steve. "Well, I'll astonish your weak nerves, if you have any, which I assume at once—'nerves' being quite a fashionable disease. So, I'll give you an episode of one of my adventures when 'out with Garibaldi.'

"I pass over our entrance into Palermo," continued Steve, after some little introductory matter, "over excursions into the wild country towards the mountains, sometimes in pursuit of the flying enemy, sometimes in small detachments being driven back and pursued in return; and as you may recollect that 'Bombina,' son of 'Bomba,' had put the place under martial law, all the nameless atrocities peculiar to the soldiery of Ferdinand were committed; but all this is beside the subject of my relation, so we will pull up at once, and try back.

"I had some curiosity to see a little of the country inland, of which not much appeared to be known, and before long the opportunity was offered me. I had under me a party of a dozen men, plucky fellows every one, and crack shots into the bargain. With these I had some very ticklish business to perform.

"Some brigands, miscreant cut-throats imported from Calabria, mixed up with others of Ferdinand's broken and half-disorganised troops, were scattered hither and thither, making now as they best could for any Sicilian port favorable to the Bourbons, where they might again unite their shattered and scattered forces; these, in broken bands, were straggling to and fro, and several companies of Garibaldians were deputed to decimate these gentry, if they objected to be taken prisoners, and so put up with the casualties of fair and open war.

"Some considerable distance from the city of Palermo there lies a region of wild and sterile mountains for the most part, the *interior* of which is traversed by a valley almost parallel to one much better known as the Valley of Ispica, the former being shunned by the dwellers of the region from superstitions of a most formidable character, and which, in fact, are its especial property, thus rendering its precincts unapproachable; and even those who have by hap strayed into its recesses, have brought back such a catalogue of its horrors as was always calculated, from immemorial time, to curdle the very blood! Ugh!"

Steve Lidyard shuddered as he spoke, and sent a "sensational" thrill through his listeners.

"In fact, the Harz Mountains, the Black Forest, with their charcoal burners, their Erl kings and grisly hunters, the witch-haunted 'Brocken,' the impish Blocksberg, scarcely rival in *diablerie* the traditions of this eldrich valley, and certainly do not outvie them."

"But, goodness gracious me, Mr. Lidyard," cried Lucy Parker, "what was there in these—these stories, after all?"

Steve turned on the fair speaker one of those looks peculiar to him, shaking his head as in mild reproach, and affecting surprise at the interruption; to which, Lucy Parker being strong minded, she paid little heed, and, reassured by the encouraging laughter of the rest, came to the charge once more.

"Come, don't be silly, sir; let us know at once," she exclaimed, with startling well-affected severity.

Steve sighed, shook his head, still reproachfully, as though he would plainly say, "This is really too bad."

"Do you mean to speak, Mr. Lidyard, do you intend to answer my question?" demands the imperious young beauty, to which, *entre nous*, Steve is a slave.

Steve nods assent.

"Did you ever hear of ghouls?" asks Steve, in a deep tragedy whisper.

"O!" ejaculated the ladies.

"Of vampires?" proceeds Steve, improving his opportunity.

"Gracious! Goodness!"

This time the ejaculations go as in "a horror skillfully moved."

"Of anthropophagi?" proceeds the bearded narrator.

"Of what, sir?"

This question imperiously, fiercely put, in fact.

"*Of* an-thro-po-pha-gi," pronouncing it slowly. Under any circumstances it is not a nice word, and perhaps the slower the better.

Lucy Parker, resuming the narrative form, nodded her head at each syllable, as though she meant to master it thoroughly.

"An-thro-pop-poff—pooh! what?"

"Men who eat one another, whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, who—"

"Whatever can he be talking about?" said Rosy Parker, Lucy's pretty giggling sister.

"Hadn't you better let me proceed?" put in Steve.

"Well—hem—yes; proceed, move on."

"With all my heart. Well, one morning, with my party—we had bivouacked for the night under the shelter of some crags—I found myself and comrades waking up in the chill morning air; but we were soon astir and warm with motion once more, and I really admired the place of our retreat: some over-hanging rocks completely sheltering us from the dews, which are very copious, and in other respects the spot was very eligible—well, we awoke—"

"Famished, no doubt."

"Hungry, if you please, not famished! No, we had in our haversacks some cold fowl, bread, and so on, and each one had his flask of wine or brandy, as the case might be; in fact, we had provided for a couple of days at least; leaving it to chance to renew our supplies when necessity should urge us to forage for them.

"I must tell you that we had traveled, with our rifles, revolvers, ammunition, haversacks, and so on, through a country which, the more we ascended, seemed to consist of nothing but huge boulders, all presenting an aspect of grim and sterile desolation inexpressibly dismal to contemplate. Vast masses of fractured rocks, a very Arabia Petrea of a region; rugged ravines, and as difficult as dangerous to clamber through and over; while below us, far away now, we could distinctly behold the fair 'green-cries' fringing the lower slopes of the mountain, or, rather, mountains; for the chain seemed to run on in endless links—colossal, rugged, with a touch of the horribly sublime about it.

"We beheld then—what as clearly we had not remarked on the preceding evening—that this was the way (entrance it could scarcely be called) into the shunned valley I have just mentioned, and, looking downward now, on the opposite side found all 'beautiful exceedingly' to the eye; for green and purple blended formed a mirage round the vast stems of great old trees; the rich green leafage, the yellow oranges and citrons, the ruddy grapes, a wandering intertwining under and over-growth; and, oh, didn't we wish we had found that inviting pass before.

There now occurred a slight pause, which gave the narrator the opportunity of moistening his throat with a glass of sherry. He then resumed.

"Turning the eye from the valley, as we sat, pipe in mouth—we had halted to look about us—I may say that a lovelier panorama than that which now greeted our eager gaze would be difficult to meet with, save alone in those golden climes which border the Mediterranean on its European side.

"The morning sun," continued Steve, rising now from a poet into a colorist, "flashing across the Ægean, tinting with myriad miraculous hues what soon became a waving sea of molten splendor, fell on a gaunt spur of rock which overlooked the mysterious valley—the *Val di Dimone*—forming, in the midst of this fervid glare, a wondrous association, as real as unreal, of mountain ridges and darkling gloom, enshrouded valley—fathomless gulfs rather, rugged grim rivers, which ran, but irregularly—east and west, across the length of this half-enchanted island.

"What, in fact, did we not see within the limits of the horizon of blending gold and purple which faded between sea and air, and was crossed by pearly lines, these again tinted really here and there! What an enchanting prospect—so boundless, so indescribably lovely! Islands, continents, seas, bays, cities, shifting and changing everlastingly! I believe now in Turner's painting of 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' all vague, wandering, dreamy, as it is; but here we had it in its actual reality, from the mountain peaks to the cities far below: the latter, marble-white, dotting the distance; the blue level of the calm sea beyond, over which we could see stately ships glide along, the huge steam-frigate forging ahead, the smoke coming out of her vast funnel and curling into a thin vapor as it does now from the tip of my cigar.

"The sound of a bugle waking up the sleeping echoes in the mountains, put every ear on the stretch. I knew by the call," continued Steve, "that it didn't belong to our side, as, for obvious reasons, there's a difference in notation, so to speak. We were at once on the *qui vive*; and by Jove, I can tell you, not before it was necessary.

"All eyes were turned in one direction—that, of course, from whence the sound came; and across the peaks of the mountain ridge—a singular conglomeration of limestone and lava—there appeared a dozen military caps with beards peeping beneath their fronts—caps which we knew but too well; and presently more appeared, making in all about twenty men, including rifles—a tribe not to be forgotten.

"They crossed the ridge, evidently having a suspicion that we were somewhere about—crossed the ridge, as I have said—descended into a ravine, and watching for about an hour, I began to understand that they were seeking to circumvent and trap us, intending, by the *detour* they took, to ascend and surprise us on the *plateau* we occupied.

"'Keep your fire, lads,' said I, 'while I clamber up in this direction.' I saw a pathway bearing upward, looking very much like a fissure or enormous rent. 'I will fire as a signal if they are likely to outflank us;' and, rifle in hand, I ascended, soon attaining a height where, at a turn, a perpendicular wall of rock barred farther progress.

"Nevertheless, I could look down from my 'bad eminence.' Heavens! what a hideous gorge descended sheer below into fathomless deeps, as if it were the black and cindery crater of some volcano, which, having 'shut up shop' there, had transferred its business elsewhere; but, joking apart, anything more appalling than that measureless depth, its indescribable and lonely aggregate of all that is hideous, its black, cindery, and riled interior, exceeded in the aggregate of what is stupendously terrible, all I had ever read of.

"Well and fitly was that awful region below called the *Val di Dimone*.

"Stretching forward to have a fuller view of this Tartarean region, and leaning against some loose conglomerate to look into the Hades where the ancient fires had burst out, I found the small rampart yield, and—horror of horrors!—I felt myself sliding helplessly towards the verge of this awful gulf!"

At this juncture of the narrative, and naturally so—for during a short pause ever so many minor events may occur, such as a glass of wine, a fresh cigar, &c.,—the lady listeners gave utterance to a suppressed scream, and the gentlemen turned pale, each one shifting uneasily in his seat.

"Where I was descending to," went on the young man, "or how I was stayed in my way into the depths of an abyss that would have fitted one of the dismallest books of Dante's 'Inferno,' I know not. I found myself seated on a ledge, where I was safe for the present, though a little scratched and bruised; and I had clung with instinctive tenacity to my rifle: this indispensable adjunct to my further safety, and very likely what for a time I might have to depend on for sustenance, was still in my possession.

"I now heard the faint sound of dropping shot coming from the other side of the riven shell I now occupied, and believing that my lads were hotly engaged, I sought for a way back; but, following the course of the ledge, found that it descended and wound round, in and out, in a most curious manner, until, at last losing sight of the accursed place, I found myself sole occupant of a spot, a glance round which made my heart beat; for if the other was but a simple and unpicturesque horror, this was calculated to inspire one with a more than nameless awe.

"I stood in the midst of an excavated city—a city as old, probably, as the mythic ages themselves; and, since all I saw suggested mythic types, this must have been one that may have assisted Hesiod in his 'Genesis.'

"I stood," continued Steve—descending a little from the ladder Lempriere had lent him—"I stood in the midst of a street, wide, smooth, level, clean, as if newly swept; subterranean pathways, hewn streets, stretched out on either hand, and, looking upward along the solid walls—or rather, exterior of houses, palaces, I know not what they may have been—all hewn, pillared, carved, some exquisitely, others on a more colossal scale of rudeness—all having a wild fantastic sort of life-in-death in their aspect. A strip of sky clipping sharply over the extreme edge of these singular cuttings, allowed the red sun to pour his rays downward, where they lighted up this enormous 'trench'—I can call it nothing else, street as it may have been, and stupendously beautiful too—lighted it up and filled it with a stream of meandering, and unreal and shadowy gold.

"Everything," he continued, "as I looked upward in bewilderment, took an almost Alpine altitude, and row after row, the habitations, cut, carved, hollowed from the bottom to the very top, gave indications of an enormous humanity which must have existed here at one time.

"These streets, these chambers, these weird, solemn, silent receptacles of the mighty dead, now dust—for I began to gather into my conjecture catacombs as adjuncts of a once mighty city, a city of that far, far off infinite past, which may be in the dreamland of mythology or the earliest cradles of fable, if you like—made me dumb with astonishment, with awe; and I was traversing those awful silent spaces where the foot of man had trod—when—"

"The last time, of course," broke in Lucy saucily, as though by way of relief; "but, I beg your pardon, Steve; it is growing interesting, so please to go on."

"A turning to which I came at last—there always is a turning in the very longest lane, you know—a turning indeed invited me to pass into a wide, a spacious, a noble street; pillars, pilasters, pediment, frieze—I know not what adornment it had or had not—were there, and which would have challenged admiration for their rare beauty and finish had not the towering scale been so colossal as to be absolutely crushing in its vastness.

"As I strolled on, my astonishment, my awe, hovering on the confines of terror, increased: for while I admitted the singular harmony of proportion carried out on either side, I could not but think of Polyphemus of the Titans, of some one-eyed Cyclop, some bruising Lestrigonian, who might be thrusting his huge arm forth and snatching me up as a mere mouthful, after which morsel he would scarcely deign to pick his teeth.

"The unearthly sense of life, of existence suspended, and so remaining petrified, was almost overwhelming. As I still rambled on, I came to porticoes again leading to openings where there were no doors. 'Were there ever any doors to these wondrous edifices?' I asked myself. Towering pillars outlived windows, where windows there were none. 'Were there ever any?' As I walked now almost breathlessly along, having totally forgotten my pursuers in the novelty of my position, I could not but expect to see some one or other of the old dwellers come to the doorway and salute me. Taking courage now, I entered into a dwelling that might, perhaps, be statelier than the rest, its chambers and stone staircases lighted up by means I cared not to account for, though the light was rather a softened gloom than a clear bright daylight such as I had left without.

"Without!—but where?

"To my surprise—to my dismay rather—I soon found that what I had taken for a dwelling was only the section of a vast catacomb, and the real ancient city, whose (once) living had peopled the grand and gloomy receptacle of the dead, must be contiguous to this spot, but which, as yet, I had not fallen upon; or that it might have been subject to the influence of earthquake or volcanic fires, and so blended itself and become lost in the formless chaos of the surrounding mountain region.

Retracing my steps and again passing on, the light began to stream along the floor, so to call it, ruddier, brighter, until, as I arrived at the extremity of the passage, it became a perfect blaze of sunshine. Before quitting the said broad commodious passage, I took the opportunity to turn and look back.

"Well, at the extreme end where I had entered a few minutes ago, a diminished orifice giving entrance to a circle of light, showed the opening, while on either hand, to the right and to the left, were darker and gloomier passages leading farther and deeper into recesses more mysterious, and which, I promise you, I did not care to explore.

"Nothing had impeded my footsteps hitherto—no mounds, no fallen rocks, no crumbling bits of ruin lay in my path; no evil odors had assaulted the sense. Where, then, had they placed their dead after all?

"With my own life in peril, which might meet me at any moment for aught I knew, I could not forbear asking myself two or three curious questions, arising naturally from all that was at hand, but principally, Where did the *dead* of this 'dead' city repose?

"Evidently," he continued thoughtfully, "the dead I was so curious about must have been sepultured and walled in in the living rock, for I could now distinctly trace the outlines of slabs, mural tablets, covered with inscriptions and characters of quite an unknown form, and quite beyond my comprehension.

"So, concluding my thinking, and following my way, I crossed the last granite threshold, and stood in the very heart and burst of the sunshine. But what a place, what a scene, what horror mingled with a startling sublimity, met my bewildered gaze now!

"I stood in a great square, the four sides of which, in pillar and cornice, in frieze, pediment, and every imaginable form of architectural splendor, all rose upon a scale of dimensions which quite baffled the powers of calculation; and there clomb up, hundreds of feet above me, a superb square into which the sun poured down its rays as into a well, so that for a moment I was half blinded, and, indeed, half stupefied.

"But this was not all. Looking around me on every side, I certainly uttered a cry of irrepressible fear; but the fear chained my feet to the ground, and I could not move a step.

"What I could take in, in my bewildered glance, were countless enormous pillars, sixty or eighty feet high, supported by pediments equally colossal. Each pillar was a caryatide, which, to simplify the matter, means that it was carved in the shape of a woman; and they were multiplied by scores, by hundreds, by myriads, I verily believe. But the distortion of these monstrous figures, the insufferable horror of their vast distorted countenances, the demoniac expression stamped on their varying faces—faces!—the glaring of their cold, stony, fiendish eyes, all so living, as it were, in the very force of expression—froze me. The ample tide and flow of descending hair, flying, too in every direction, had, under the skill of the workman, become a petrifaction quite as wonderful; for the highest, if distorted, form of art was evident. It was as fantastic in design as it seemed to be revelling in a phantasy of Gorgonian horrors, and which it may be the province of a particular age and clime to introduce, but which really seems to belong to insanity alone to prevent.

"This, and such as this, formed the frontage facing where I stood. The ghostly towering frontage to my right might have represented a 'Macabre dance—a Dance of Death, but after an antique fashion far more appalling than Holbein's, and utterly destitute of his sinister humor.

"The frontage to the left consisted of one vast human face, its dimensions being only to be guessed at. It was so calm, terrible, appalling, even in its awful quietude, that I scarcely knew whether that or its magnitude overwhelmed me most.

"I could look no more, bear no more, endure nothing further. I turned and fled, regaining the streets of the catacombs, where, at least, I had no sufficiency of fresh terrors to feast upon. Hurrying on, almost deliriously, I emerged at last by a narrow way leading to a ravine, and presently stood panting in the open air, inhaling gratefully the refreshing coolness of the passing breeze. I then sat down to think—to try to think, rather; but I could not. All seemed like a dream, a nightmare; all surely must be a dream, but a dream out of which I found it impossible to awaken; and which therefore must, with all its phantasy, partake of reality.

"By degrees I began to recall certain vague mythic traditions found in wonderful old books, to the effect that in some part of the island there was a 'Palace of Monsters;' that this place, in very ancient times, was haunted and infested by a race of evil creatures, who, under the forms of women, and denominated 'Lamiæ,' 'Striges,' 'Phorkyas,' and other hard names, worked out all sorts of hideous mischiefs among men; and the colossal pile I had quitted, so gorgeous yet so hideous,—this monstrous monument hewn and carved by a might allied to the supernatural, in order to perpetuate a creed of darkness,—was ocular and demonstrative proof that fables are not so remote from facts as men are willing to suppose.

"While musing thus, I again heard gunshots ringing in a valley beyond.

"I had had quite enough of this, and was not sorry to be in motion again. Grasping my rifle, after seeing that the charges were right, I strode out by an aperture so narrow that I could scarcely discern a faint glimmer of light at the extremity, and went on, slowly feeling my way, for I know not what awful pitfall might yawn before me till in the blessed sunshine once more. So, having taking a pull at my flask, I toiled on, and, after about an hour, found myself descending a mountain slope, not a vestige of the astounding vision I had seen being within sight: all lay behind me buried in silence and solitude, a vast and cavernous tomb, never again to be wended, perhaps, by the foot of man.

"Suddenly, however, I was brought up with a start, a cry of suppressed terror escaping my lips; for all of a moment I pulled up on the verge of a chasm some seven or eight feet wide, while it descended down, down below, as into a bottomless pit, lost in a darkness which the sun never lighted up.

"I had blindly, at sudden sight of this horrible chasm, cast my rifle across; and lo! a moment after a mocking laugh greeted me: an olive-tinted secundrel I had come into collision with before, and had no reason to love, stood on the opposite side, on a space somewhat lower than the one I occupied. By this he had caught up my rifle, and then put it butt down, leaning against the rock, and within reach of his hand.

"His laugh absolutely chilled me; but, besides his own rifle, he had also mine, and was doubly armed, and had a command of my life any moment he chose. I had no way of escape. Deliberately I saw him lift up his weapon, take aim at me, and I closed my eyes, feeling my knees double under me as I murmured a brief prayer.

"He fired. Why the bullet missed me, as it did, I know not; and attributed it to his having aimed at my head, which my momentary collapse removed out of his line. A moment, and I served myself to the worst.

"I sprang across the chasm like a panther, and found myself in his grasp, but my sword-shaped bayonet, which I had instinctively drawn, was driven through his breast, the force of the leap having given me this advantage, and we fell together on the platform."

"Ugh! how shocking! how lucky for you!" And once more every listener's heart experienced a delightfully horrible thrill.

"The impetus of my desperate leap cast us both at the moment from the extreme verge more upon the platform. I was faint with reaction, but this was speedily dissipated by feeling myself being drawn, by the last efforts of a dying determined man, to the edge of the cursed chasm. He intended, no doubt, that we should both go down together.

"His body was hanging over the ledge, and, by an effort, I managed to release myself from his relaxing grasp, and then I heard—"

Here Steve slightly changed color.

"I heard that horrid crash which succeeds the fall of a human being from some great height—a sound that, I venture to say, has not its equivalent in nature: it carries a horror beyond words; and I fainted." * * *

"How I got back to Palermo safe and sound needs further details; but as I am here in good trim to tell you my story, why, my service to you. Lucy, my love, a glass of wine, and if there's another cigar about, I'll thank you to hand it over."

My Pet Bat.

One sunny afternoon in June I happened to move an easy-chair standing by the window in the drawing-room, when a small, dark object caught my eye on the cover behind it. Stooping down, I found it to be a young bat; and taking the little creature in my hand, I saw that its leg had been squeezed between the chair and the wall, thereby making it a prisoner. It was furnished, on the spur of the moment, with some wool at the bottom of a fancy basket, and then two little girls and myself set off on a fly-catching expedition. About forty were secured, and next the process of feeding began. I offered the bat a fly, which it seized with a loud, sharp snap, and, carefully turning its head first, devoured it; and so on with the whole, sometimes biting my fingers by way of variation. Henceforth you may imagine gnats, moths, and flies acquired a value in our household, and from the mistress to the maid most eager was the pursuit after them. We filled its larder (a tin box) in the morning, ready for its evening repast, because about eight o'clock it was already on the watch to be taken out and fed. After a fortnight I ventured to let it run on the table, in the daytime. When first put on it, it began walking about, dragging its injured leg straight out behind it. Often it became entangled in the cloth, when it would stop, and, taking the leg in its mouth, disengage the tiny claws, lick it once or twice, and then go on its way, examining every book and stray article around it. As its leg remained useless, one day, after several stoppages to free it when caught in the cloth, the poor bat placed itself against a thick book, and, holding up the refractory limb, steadily bit it off—a work of about five minutes; and the next instant, seemingly quite delighted, it was running about at an astonishing pace, evidently aware it was much better without the encumbrance. It would fly round and round the room, but, the moment I called it, would settle on my hand or some part of my dress. To show my friends that it really knew me, I would move from side to side of the table and call it, when it would as often cross over to me, turning its head sideways and expecting its reward (a fly.) Indeed, once, when I moved away to the window without giving it one, it flew after me, alighted on my head, uttering two or three squeaks of anger; thus proving beyond doubt that it had a good share of sense, and refuting the old maxim "as blind as a bat," for it was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and it came to me, not any one else in the room. Whether its captivity changed its nature I know not, but certain it is, it was fond of "the merry, merry sunshine;" for, over and over again, when hidden altogether in the wool, as soon as the basket was placed in the sun it would creep out to the top, and with spread wings remain dozing there as long as the sun shone on it. I discovered too that it had a will of its own; for once, a lady wishing to see it fed, I placed it on the table, thinking she could see it better in that position than by keeping it in my hand as usual, but was annoyed to find no coaxing would induce it to eat. At length I took it up to put it to bed, upon which it looked about, all animation for its food, and demolished, to her great delight, twelve blue-bottles, three large moths, two daddy-long-legs, and several small flies. For its beverage I used to take a drop of water on the tail feather of a partridge, which it would lick off five or six times, and when it had had sufficient it pushed the feather away with its nose, or else turned round. Fearing that in London I should be unable to attend to my pet, I set it free, but it was half an hour before it would fly, and then it hovered about the window till the gathering darkness obliged it to go.—F. S., *Otley*.

CAFFRE SERVANTS.—I forgot, in describing my journey the real-looking Caffre housemaid at Eerste river. "Such a dear, good creature," the landlady said; and, oh, such a "noble savage!"—with a cotton handkerchief folded tight, like a cravat, and tied round her head, with a bow behind, and the short curly wool sticking up in the middle;—it looked like a royal diadem on her solemn brow; she stepped like Juno, with a huge tub full to the brim, and holding several pailfuls, on her head, and a pailful in each hand, bringing water for the stables from the river, across a large field. There is nothing like a Caffre for power and grace; and the face, though *very* African, has a sort of grandeur which makes it utterly unlike that of the negro. That woman's bust and waist were beauty itself. The Caffres are also very clean and very clever as servants, I hear, learning cookery, &c., in a wonderfully short time. When they have saved money enough to buy cattle in Kaffraria off they go, cast aside civilisation and clothes, and enjoy life in naked luxury.—*Galton's Vacation Tourist and Notes of Travel.*

☞ "Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?" "No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did." "Ah, the court understood you differently. They suppose that the discourse came from you." "No, sir; I only throwed light on it."

NOTHING TO DO.

BY THE COUNTRY PARSON.

Charles Lamb, for a great part of his life, was kept very busy at uncongenial work. Oftentimes, through those irksome hours, he thought how pleasant it would be to be set free from that work forever. So he said that if he had a son, the son should be called NOTHING TO DO; and he should do nothing. Of course, Elia spoke only half seriously. We know what he meant. But, in sober earnest, we can all see that NOTHING TO DO would have been a miserable as well as a wicked man. He would assuredly have grown a bad fellow. And he would just as surely have been a wretched being.

Every one knows the story of Michael Scott and his Familiar Spirit. Of late I have begun to understand the meaning of that story.

Michael Scott, it is recorded, had a Familiar Spirit under his charge. We do not know how Michael Scott first got possession of that Spirit. Probably he raised it, and then could not get rid of it; like the man who begged Dr. Log to propose a toast, and then Dr. Log spoke for three-quarters of an hour. Michael Scott had to provide employment for that being, on pain of being torn in pieces. Michael gave the Spirit very difficult things to do. They were done with terrible ease and rapidity. The three peaks of the Eildon Hills were formed in a single night. A weir was built across the Tweed in a like time. Michael Scott was in a terrible state. In these days he would probably have desired the Spirit to make and lay the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. But a happy thought struck him. He bade his Familiar make a rope of sea-sand. Of course this provided unlimited occupation. The thing could never be finished. And the wizard was all right.

These things are an allegory. Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit is your own mind, my friend. Your own mind demands that you find it occupation; and if you do not it will make you miserable. It is an awful thing to have nothing to do. The mill within you demands grist to grind; and if you give it none, it still grinds on, as Luther said; but it is itself it grinds and wears away. My friend Smith, having overworked his eyes at College, was once forbid to read or write for eighteen months. It was a horrible penance at first. But he devised ways of giving the machine work: and during that period of enforced idleness he acquired the power of connected thinking without writing down each successive thought. Few people have that power. One of the rarest of all acquirements is the faculty of profitable meditation. Most human beings, when they fancy they are meditating, are in fact doing nothing at all; and thinking of nothing.

You will remember what was once said by a lively French writer; that we commonly think of idleness as one of the beatitudes of Heaven; while we ought rather to think of it as one of the miseries of Hell. It was an extreme way which that writer took of testifying to the tormenting power of Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit.

And one evil in this matter is, that it is just the men who lead the most active and useful lives who are making Michael Scott's Spirit more insatiable. You give it abundance to do; and so when work is cut off from it, it becomes rampageous. You lose the power of sitting still and doing nothing. You find it inexpressibly irksome to travel by railway for even half an hour, with nothing to read. For the most handy way of pacifying the Spirit is to give it something to read. People tell you how disgusting it was when they had to wait for three-quarters of an hour for the train at some little country railway station. Michael Scott's Spirit was worrying and tormenting them, being kept without employment for that time. You know to what shifts people will have recourse, rather than have the Familiar Spirit coming and tormenting them. To give grist to the mill, to provide the Familiar Spirit with something to do, on a railway journey of twelve hours, they will read all the advertisements in their newspaper; they will go back a second and a third time over all the news; they will even diligently peruse the leading article of the Little Pedlington Gazette. They read the advertisements in Bradshaw. They try to make out, from that publication, how to reach, by many corresponding trains, some little cross-country place to which they never intend to go. Anything rather than be idle. Anything rather than lean back, quite devoid of occupation; and feel the Familiar Spirit worrying away within, as Prometheus felt the vulture at his liver. When I hear a young fellow say of some country place where he has been spending some time, that it is a horribly slow place, that it is the deadest place on earth, I am aware that he did not find occupation there for Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit.

One looks with interest at people in whose case that Spirit seems to have been lulled into torpidity: has been brought to what a practical philosopher called *a dormouse state*. I read last night in a book, how somebody "leant his cheek on his hand and gazed abstractedly into the fire." One who has trained the Familiar Spirit to an insatiable appetite for work, can hardly believe such a thing possible. You may remember a picture in a volume of the illustrated edition of the Waverley Novels, which represents a plump old abbot, sitting satisfied in a large chair, with the light of the fire on his face: doing nothing, thinking of nothing, and quite tranquil and content. One sometimes thinks, Would we could do the like! That fat stupid old abbot had led so idle a life, that the muscular power of the Familiar Spirit was abated, and its craving for work gone.

When you are wearied with long work, my reader, I wish you may have a place like this to which to come and rest. How good and pleasant it is for a little while! Your cares and burdens fall off from you. How insignificant many things look to one, sitting on this green grass, or looking over this bridge down into the green dell, that worried one in the midst of duty! If you were out in a hurricane at sea, and your boat got at last into a little sheltered cove, you would be glad and thankful. But only for a short time. In a little, you would be weary of staying there. We are so made that we cannot for any length of time remain quiescent and do nothing. And we cannot live on the past. The Familiar Spirit will not chew the cud, so to speak: you must give him fresh provender to grind. Perhaps there have been days in your life which were so busy with hard work, so alive with what to you were great interests, so happy with a bewildering bliss, that you fancied you would be able to look back on them and to live in them all your life, and they would be a possession for ever. Not so. It is the present on which we must live. You can no more satisfy Michael Scott's Spirit with the remembrance of former occupations and enjoyments, than you can allay your present hunger with the remembrance of beefsteaks brought you by the plump head-waiter at "The Cook," half a dozen years ago. Each day must bring its work—or the Spirit will be at you and stick pins into you.

A power of falling asleep enables one to evade the Spirit. At night, going to bed, looking for a sleepless night, how many a man has said, Oh for forgetfulness! When you have escaped into *that* realm, the Spirit can trouble you no more. You know the wish which Hood puts on the lips of Eugene Aram, tortured by an unendurable recollection: that he could shut his mind and clasp it with a clasp, as he could close his book and clasp it. Few men are more to be envied than those who have this power. Napoleon had it. So had the Duke of Wellington. At any moment either of these men could escape into a region where they were entirely free from the pressure of those anxieties which weighed them down while awake. Once the duke, with his aide-de-camp, came galloping up to a point of the British lines whence an attack was to be made. He was told the guns would not be ready to open for two hours. "Then," said he, "we had better have a sleep." He sat down in a trench, leant his back against its side, and was fast asleep in a minute. That great man could at any time escape from Michael Scott's Spirit: could get into a country where the Spirit could not follow him. For in dreamless sleep you escape from yourself.

I have been told that there is another means of lulling that insatiable being into a state in which it ceases to be troublesome and importunate. It is tobacco. Some men say that the smoking of that fragrant weed soothes them into a perfect calm, in which they are pleasurably conscious of existing, but have no wish to do anything. Let me confess, notwithstanding, that I esteem smoking as one of the most offensive and selfish of the lesser sins. When I see smoke pouring out of the window of a railway carriage not specially allotted to smokers, I go no farther for evidence that that carriage is occupied by selfish snobs.

Young children have Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit to find employment for, just as much as their seniors. Who does not yet remember the horrible feeling which you expressed when a child by saying you had *nothing to do?* I have just heard a little thing say to his mother, "Read me a story, to make the time pass quick." That was his way of saying "to pacify the Familiar Spirit." And we talk of *killing Time*, as though he were an enemy to be reduced to helplessness. There is an offensive phrase which sets all the idea more distinctly. There are silly fellows who ask you what o'clock it is by saying "*How goes the enemy?*" This phrase indeed suggests thoughts too solemn and awful for this page. Let me ask, in a word, if Time be such, how about Eternity? But in every such case as those named, the enemy is not Time. It is Michael Scott's Familiar Spirit, demanding occupation. How fast Time goes, when the Spirit is pleasantly or laboriously employed! When people talk of killing Time, they mean knocking that strange being on the head, so to speak: stunning it for the hour. *That* may be done: but it is soon up again, importunate as ever.

English Public School Education.

According to all accounts there has seldom appeared, either in England or this country, a more important work on education than the late Report of Her Majesty's Commissioners on the revenues and management of the Public Schools of England. It seems that Eton College, especially the most aristocratic of all these public schools, is also the most proverbially deficient in the education it compels from the sons of the nobility and gentry committed to its care. Its income being some twenty thousand pounds, or at least a hundred thousand dollars a year, in gold, apart from tuition fees, there was certainly no reason, so far as pay is concerned, why the instruction should not be the best. Yet it is the very worst, and the prejudice against pre-eminence in study or anything else except wealth, cricket and boat-racing, show it to be one of the very worst places a lad of any parts can possibly be sent to. On the other hand, Rugby, since the days of Dr. Thomas Arnold to the present hour, has been rising in reputation, and stands in the report of the commissioners at the very head of all such public institutions for that peculiar combination of physical, intellectual and moral training which forms the foundation of the future man. Here the moral and religious training of the boys is considered the end of education, paramount to all others. Smoking is generally despised as affectation, and drinking as bravado, while the sixth form or highest class is taught to look upon itself as that part of the school the character of which is to form the rest.

One of the most beneficial results of this report to American readers will be to show how easily we can do better than they are doing. Blackwood, a month or two ago, came out with an article on Eton of most unwonted severity, and the July number of the Westminster, reviewing the subject of education from a very opposite stand-point, comes round practically to the very same result. The latter particularly dwells upon the almost entire absence of any education in the natural sciences, or, in fact, in anything besides the classics and mathematics. The foundation of a knowledge of these is now being laid in our best academies, better than in the old public schools in England, nor is there anything to prevent the combination with this quite as thorough a foundation in the classics, that is to any extent to which this is desirable, in the majority of cases. The Westminster Review goes to an extreme in questioning the utility of Greek. But there can be no question but that the foundation of all education must be the clear and discriminating observation of *facts*, and the use of memory upon such subjects as are clearly and thoroughly understood. To tax a child's memory in learning by heart Latin rules which he does not understand, or Greek sentences beyond his comprehension, is mischievous every way.

Now as to the *cost* of education. At Eton it is about nine hundred dollars in gold. Here the endowments are greatest and the education is worst; at Rugby six hundred and fifty dollars is about the average; that is about the same as one of our first-class colleges. But in France two hundred dollars a year includes everything in a first-class lyceum for board and instruction. This is at the Toulouse Lyceum. The education on the Continent is far more wide and optional in the range of its studies than in England. It would be far harder for us to compete in point of education with the best that France can afford, than with the best that England can furnish. But there is no doubt that with proper care we shall be able to furnish the world, not only the most universally educated people on the face of the globe, but the most thoroughly educated graduates. At this moment there is no public school in England that equals in its classical instruction the Boston Latin School, and although at the present time too many of our academies, and still more of our colleges, are culpably negligent in what they allow to pass for scholarship, it may well be doubted if the same things could with truth have been written of them as recorded by her Majesty's Commissioners of the English Public Schools, and the entering examinations at Oxford and Cambridge.

A Marriage in Washington.

A correspondent of Bentley's London Miscellany gives the following account of the marriage of Miss Chase to Senator Sprague:—

The bride is Kate Chase, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury; and the bridegroom, the ex-governor of Rhode Island, Col. Sprague, at present United States Senator. Kitty Chase has pleased me most of all the American ladies, and she is a universal favorite here. I regret my dislike for formal parties, or else I might have more to tell you. In my desk lie some dozen undelivered letters of introduction, to men like Montgomery Blair, the president-maker; General Fremont, &c. I had no letter for Mr. Chase, but what my friends told me about him and his daughter rendered me very desirous to be introduced to them. Obtaining a note for Miss Albrecht, the *dame de compagnie* of Miss Chase, I sent in my card, and a young lady joined me, whom I at first took for Miss Albrecht; it was, however, Miss Chase, who helped me most kindly over my trifling social dilemma. She offered me her hand with great cordiality, and said, "We have so many mutual friends that I cannot regard you as a stranger." Was not this amiable, kind, and gracious? It appeared doubly so to me, as I read in her beautiful eyes that the words did not merely come from her lips, but from her heart. Since that day I have spent many evenings at her house.

Kitty Chase is of middle height, but looks as if she would grow tall, for she is extremely slim, almost thin; but the fact does not strike you, as her face is plump, and her chest very full. Her face is oval, and her features are irregular; her nose is retroussee, and her chin rather too long; but the eyes—whose color I never could determine, owing to their brilliancy—are large and enchanting, and so is the expression of the pretty mouth. The head is finely formed, and her auburn hair is simply arranged, in accordance with the rest of her toilette. Her demeanor is graceful, and her behavior in society is unconstrained, cordial, and rather dignified. She prefers the society of gentlemen to that of ladies, and cares little what people think about it, who, of course, do not fail to whisper all sorts of things, as is the case with every lady here who holds an exalted position in society. Kitty Chase is fond of sensible conversation, and recently I heard her talking philosophy very cleverly with an amiable young secretary of the president. Her mother has long been dead, and Miss Chase, it is said, has great influence over her father, who prefers the advice of his clever daughter to that of many of his counsellors, and hence her recommendation is of great weight.

On my first visit, Miss Chase introduced me to her father. If you have an American one dollar note by you, have the goodness to look at it. Upon it is an excellent likeness of the "Father of the Greenbacks," as the press have christened him. Mr. Salmon P. Chase is a stately, rather tall man, with a broad bald forehead, and a clean-looking beardless face, with a pleasant expression. His two daughters—the younger of whom is still at school—are very like him. Secretary Chase does not speak loudly, but quietly, and his manner produces a very pleasing impression.

The Secretary of the Treasury lives in a moderately large corner-house. The house door is always open; on the left of the hall is the secretary's private study, and facing it the two parlors, which have been formed into one room by removing the folding-doors. These parlors are the reception room, and are furnished comfortably. There is nothing very grand about them, and it can be seen at once that a feminine taste presided over the arrangements—this is more especially visible in the numerous flowers dispersed about the rooms. On one occasion I noticed on a table a bouquet of wild wood and field flowers, which few American ladies holding Miss Chase's position would deem of gathering.

The marriage between Miss Chase and Governor Sprague was a favorite plan of the secretary, and had been arranged two years previously; but Mr. Sprague seemed to prefer playing the knight-errant for a while longer in the mazes of love, whose paths are paths of pleasantness, when a man is young, Governor of a State, and owner of several million dollars, which his father acquired by a diligent course of cotton spinning. Miss Chase, too, seemed in no especial hurry; all the men who visited her father's house admired her, and handsome major-generals and captains waited on her on foot and on horseback; what more could she desire? The cautious father, however, who had saved no millions as Secretary of the Treasury, had different ideas—in short, I was invited to the wedding last November. On the card could be read, "Mr. Salmon P. Chase at home between nine and twelve o'clock on the night of November 12." The marriage ceremony was performed in the house, but as I did not arrive till ten o'clock, I missed it, but endured the loss. The company were not assembled in one room or a suite of rooms, for such are not to be found in American private houses. The house, from the ground floor to the third story, was crowded with guests; they stood, sat, or walked about the rooms, passages, and stairs, which was not disagreeable, as the house was well warmed.

The company consisted of about six hundred persons, and was most interesting to a foreigner, as all the political celebrities were congregated. The crowd was dense though not annoying, although it was difficult to find any one you wished to speak to. The number of gentlemen was far greater than that of ladies, and this was a blessing, as three hundred crinolines could not have found room in the house. As I arrived, President Lincoln was going away. I do not suppose that he left on my account, for we are excellent friends, and have shaken hands several times and how-d'ye-doed, but I suspect he considered he had satisfied the demands of politeness. A coolness had sprung up between Lincoln and Chase, which can be easily explained. Lincoln wishes to be re-elected President, and Chase hopes to prevent him by taking his place in the White House. Mrs. Lincoln could not be induced to make such a sacrifice to etiquette, and was not present. The President has been very accurately described by Russell, though with a slight tinge of caricature, and so I can save myself the trouble. When he steered through the elegant mob with his long arms, he overtopped all, as Saul did the Israelites. Had a European courtier been suddenly transported to this marriage feast, he would have changed into a pillar of salt on being told that this long, Peter Schlemihl looking man, with the thin, yellow, big-nosed, and big-mouthed face, for whom no one made way, was the great Father Abraham, the mighty ruler of the greatest republic in the world.

The rooms were tastefully decorated, though without any pretension—the principal ornament was a quantity of exquisite flowers, which gave the house a homely appearance. In the first parlor I came across Mr. Chase; he was in excellent spirits, and a most attentive host as usual. I shook hands with him, made a couple of suitable remarks, and smiled and complimented myself into the back parlor, to which the sound of merry dance-music from an adjoining room attracted me. In the back parlor I found many acquaintances, and several of the ambassadors. In European society we recognize officials by the larger or smaller amount of orders they wear on their chest; in America no one wears an order, except on official solemnities, at which the envoys make their appearance in uniform. At this wedding only one young light-haired envoy was unable to resist the temptation of decorating his black coat with the star of his country. Up stairs the pressure was great, for the refreshment rooms were here. The bride and bridegroom came out of one of them, and walked past me to go down stairs to the parlor. The pretty bride caught sight of my sincerely congratulating phiz, and came up to offer me her hand, which gave me the opportunity to offer her my compliments. I hope that Mrs. Sprague will not read this article, for I fear what I am going to say about her toilette will not please her, though I am of opinion that it is rather flattering. Every girl generally looks pretty, prettier than usual, in her bridal dress; but this was not the case with Mrs. Sprague. I like best to see her in a riding-habit, or ordinary evening dress. Whoever chose a white velvet gown for her, forgot that it looks gray and dirty by candle-light. The lace veil, though very beautiful, was too heavy, and the diadem of brilliants which she wore was more after the taste of the cotton prince, Sprague, than the queen of the flowers, Kate Chase. A myrtle wreath, or orange flowers, would have better suited the pretty head; and I would have preferred sparkling eyes to sparkling stones. The lovely bride looked fatigued, and the diamonds flashed more than her eyes, which is not generally the case.

Colonel Sprague, whose acquaintance I formed on a later occasion, is a pleasant, remarkably good-looking young man, about eight-and-twenty years of age, simply-mannered, and excessively gallant towards ladies. The prophets announce matrimonial storms and shipwreck, and bets have even been made that there will be a separation within two years at the latest. I do not believe a word of it, and such malicious prophecies owe their origin to the envious mothers of unmarried daughters, who themselves speculated on catching the young and rich senator.

Two rooms were set apart for refreshments. In one were the substantials—meats and oysters, pates de foie gras and other dainties; in the other, the large wedding-cake, sweets and pastry. There was every sort of wine in superabundance, including first-rate champagne; and the attendants, white and black, were most attentive. I did not see the wedding presents, or read anything of them, for the gentlemen of the press were not invited, as is usually the case here on such occasions. The wedding was to be celebrated without ostentation, like a family festival, and not as an affair of state, which was an evidence of great tact. The young wife received on the next day, and on the second started with her husband for the North, where she remained till the meeting of Congress.

Danish War Song.

King Christian stood beside the mast
In smoky night;
His falchion fell like hammer fast,
And brains and helms asunder burst;
Then sank each hostile hull and mast
In smoky night.
"Fly! fly!" they shrieked. "What mortal man
Can stand with Denmark's Christian
In fight."

Niels Jael raised a warrior cry,
"Now, now's the day!"
He hoisted up the red flag high,
And dashed amidst the enemy,
With blow on blow, and cry on cry,
"Now, now's the day!"
And still they shriek, "Fly, Sweden, fly!
When Jael comes, what strength shall try
The fray?"

☞ Washington Irving was once asked about his health. "There is a streak of old age in it," he replied; "what a pity it is when we have grown old we could not turn round and grow young again, and die of cutting our teeth."

☞ The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser says that Mrs. Morris, of Wetumka, is manufacturing black sewing silk for her own use. She has her own silk worms and raises her own mulberry trees to feed them. Both the worms and the trees are said to thrive, and the silk is pronounced to be of good quality.

☞ A HAIRLESS HORSE.—The famous woolly horse is now matched by a horse on exhibition at Madrid, which has not a single hair on its whole body. Its skin is white, like that of a European, and so transparent that the veins may be distinguished through it. The horse cannot be used for labor in consequence of this fineness of the skin, which would be exposed to abrasion.

☞ True wisdom is a thing very extraordinary. Happy are they that have it, and next to them, not those many that think they have it, but those few that are sensible of their own defects and imperfections, and know that they have it not.

☞ Edmund Burke says that the perfection of conversation is not to play regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breath.

☞ Flour advanced one hundred dollars a barrel on its former price, corn to six and beef to eight dollars per pound, in Richmond, on the receipt of the news that the line of the Weldon Railroad had been taken possession of by Grant. This fact attests the importance of the road to the supply of Richmond.

WEASELS.

Why is the pretty delicate-looking weasel always persecuted by farmers? Nor by them alone; for does not every one destroy this little creature when they have the chance of doing so? I suppose this prejudice arises from the popular belief that they do much mischief in a farmyard; this is not wrong. But on the other hand, let us look at the good done by weasels; balance it with the evil, and see which predominates. We all know that a weasel in a farmyard will destroy several chicks and no small number of eggs. They prey upon our birds' nests, killing the young and sucking out the eggs; nor can it be denied that this is a large amount of mischief to be perpetrated by one animal, and if a person look no further than these deeds they may feel perfectly justified in killing every weasel they can find. Let us now, however, turn to the other side of the question.

The principal food of this animal consists of mice, which have but little chance of escape from a weasel if once pursued by one, because, though they may run into their holes, the enemy is small enough to follow and secure them even there. Nor will the activity of the mouse save it, for the weasel when in chase of food is even more so. We all know how much harm is done by mice in a farm, the quantity of grain they consume, and how difficult it is to get rid of these little thieves. But our friend the weasel makes great havoc among them, and when once has established himself in or near a farmyard there is seldom a mouse to be found; this, however, is the least part of the use of weasels. Our readers may not all be aware of the fact that this tiny animal destroys an innumerable number of rats, which are the pest of a farmyard, and though they may outwit the cunning of man, escaping their snares and traps, the weasel is a deadly foe, for once let him set himself upon the track of a rat, which he can do by scent, and the pursuit is never given up till the victory is his. It seems, indeed, wonderful that such a small animal can master one so large and strong as the rat, but the weasel has a way of jumping upon the back of an antagonist, fixing its teeth into the back of the neck, and never losing its hold till the animal is dead. It seems to have a particular hatred of rats, and will pursue and kill them for mere spite or amusement; this dislike is even carried to the water-rat, which it will jump into ponds or rivers to pursue. The weasel is a very bold animal, and never gives up an attack once begun, generally in the end proving victor. Thus we see that in this alone much good is done by our friend, for the rat, partly on account of its great numbers, is an enemy much more to be dreaded than the weasel. Another animal which injures our fields and banks falls a constant victim to the ferocity of the weasel; this is the mole, whose claws and skin may almost always be found in great numbers near or just inside the hole of our friend. We all know how much mischief is done by moles, and I think I have now proved beyond all doubt that the weasel does more good than harm.

These little creatures seem to have no greater fear of man than of other animals. There is one in my garden which will come within half a yard of me when I am sitting reading, and run up and down, or stand on its hind legs, as though better to understand what I am. Once when it was feasting on a mouse it allowed me actually to touch it with a stick before running away, though it had noticed my approach, for it left off eating once or twice to look at me, and even when I touched it would not leave the food, but dragged it away with him. Another weasel, living near the house, used to come and look in at the window when the family were at meals, and one morning when the window was open actually walked into the room.

It is stated by some authorities that weasels will sometimes dispute the road with a man, not allowing him to pass, by attacking his legs when he attempts to do so. That they will fly at the hand and fix their sharp teeth into the flesh, never loosening their hold though they were dragged from their place, when a person is imprudent enough to put their hand in front of the hole, is a very well-known fact, though I have no doubt this excess of ferocity is only shown by a mother when she fancies her young in danger.

Aristotle, in his history of animals, states the following curious fact about these creatures:—"The weasel eats the herb rue before it attacks a serpent, for the smell of this herb is obnoxious to serpents." If his statement be true, it is a curious fact that a flesh-feeding animal should eat that particular herb when about to attack venemous reptiles, though why the smell of this plant should be obnoxious to them, or, even supposing it to be so, what good it could do the weasel when about to attack serpents, is a matter I have not been able satisfactorily to determine, and our authority offers no explanation of the fact. Weasels are often attacked by hawks, kites, and other birds of prey, but even with them they often come off the conqueror instead of the conquered, by means of fastening their teeth into the breast of the bird, and maintaining a firm hold until the adversary falls to the ground from exhaustion and loss of blood. An instance of this kind is related by Mr. Bell in his history of British quadrupeds, and is well worth reading.

Very few people know that not one of the least attractive points in this little animal is the charming pet it makes, but such, indeed, is the case. No doubt its offensive smell will be the first objection urged by my readers, but this is much lessened when the animal is kept in confinement, carefully cleaned and fed upon raw beef or mutton. It is a most interesting creature, and will learn to know and love its keeper, finding him out among many others, and showing him marked signs of preference by not liking to be out of his hand or lap, and jumping on to him the moment its cage door be opened. Then, too, it is an amusing animal, and will play with a ball or reel of cotton much as a kitten might do, its movements being wonderfully quick and graceful. But to become perfectly tame, as it must be to do all I have stated, it should be taken young, and much gentleness and care must be shown to it, which I feel sure no lover of pets would ever regret. As a proof of what I state, Wood, in his illustrated "Natural History," gives an account of a tame weasel, which, though, I fancy is painted in rather too bright colors by the devoted possessor of the animal, serves to show that the weasel in captivity is sagacious and interesting.

☞ CRINOLINE.—A Vienna letter states that in the aristocratic circles of that capital it is now considered most stylish for ladies not to wear crinoline in public assemblies. This change appears to be the result of an example set by the Empress of Austria.

Government Securities as an Investment.

There is one view of investments in Government stocks which has not been generally taken. If taken by shrewd capitalists and speculators, it has not been generally considered by the people. It is this: When, after a long suspension, specie payments are resumed, all stocks and all prices immediately and largely decline, but *Government stocks* DO NOT *materially decline*. This fact we assert on the ground of *historical experience*. It is true that in the War of 1812–15 Government stocks fell, at one time, to 70; but most of the banks were then suspended or bankrupt, and there was comparatively little currency in the country to buy stocks with. But suppose the gold value of Government stocks were this day 70, (the lowest they were ever till now sold at,) the market value at the present rate of gold would be 135, while in fact the stocks are selling below 105. Supposing, then, that the market price of Government securities were, by the resumption of specie payments, to go down to 70 in July, the *decline* would be 35 on 105, equivalent to 33⅓ *per cent.*, while the decline on a railroad stock would be nearly or quite equal to the whole present difference between gold and paper. A common railroad stock, selling now at 105, would decline to 35, or, in the best supposable case, to 60. This is illustrated by the history of every suspension of specie payment we have had, and there are many business men who will recollect what the prices of produce, stocks, and all saleable commodities, were after the commercial revulsions of 1837 and 1839–40. In 1841, '42 and '43, prices were reduced to a degree now scarcely credible. But *Government stocks* did not fall materially. On the contrary, it is a settled principle deduced from all experience in England and this country, that *Government funds do not fluctuate to the same extent as other kinds of property*. There is good reason for it. The *time, rate of interest, and security*, are all fixed and permanent. There may be some variations in the market price, owing to the greater or less bulk of the entire currency, but there can be none in the intrinsic value; and hence it is, *that historically* the fluctuations in the value of Government stock have been comparatively small. In all the recent commercial fluctuations of England (in some of which there has been a complete prostration of all other property,) the variation in British consols has not been over five or six per cent. This cannot be said of any other kind of stock. Of railway and bank stocks the great variations and at times wonderful depreciation, are notorious. Sudden commercial revulsions have reduced these stocks to one-half their price. Suppose, then, that with gold say at 90 now, and Government stocks at 105, there should be a resumption of gold payments in one year, (and this is a supposition which may become a fact,) what would be the relative effect on three kinds of stock—say Government at 105, bank at 118, and railroad at 120? In all human probability, the resumption of gold payments in a year would bring them to these relative prices, viz., Government, 90; bank, 85, railroad, 70.

Judged by *historical experience*, this would be nearly the *relative* result. The consequence, then, is that the Government funds depreciate 15 per cent., the banks 25, and the railroads 50. It is more probable, if this statement be thought erroneous, that the actual results would be much more in favor of Government. But we merely give this as an illustration of a general historical truth, that on the resumption of specie payments, or on the occurrence of a great commercial revulsion, the fall in Government stocks will be far less, relatively, than the fall in any other kind of stocks. *The practical inference* from this is plain. The purchase of Government stocks being made for investment, *it is a far safer and more profitable investment, for the future*, when gold payments will be resumed, than any other.

Now nobody can doubt that the War (that is, the great bulk and expense of the War) will be over in a year or so; and when that occurs, *there will come a gold standard*; and then, when others are lamenting over the fall of stocks, the holder of Government loans will have no fall to lament. He will, in fact, profit by that change which injures the holders of other property.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—We understand, says the Boston Journal, that the Professor of Astronomy in the Harvard University has discovered that the spots which have been visible for centuries past on the sun's disc have almost entirely disappeared. These spots the ancients supposed were parts in which the fire that gives old Sol his light and heat had been extinguished. But the Professor, who accepts this theory contrary to the doctrines laid down by Spalzao, Hergesheim and other noted European savans, considers that the incandescence of the sun has so much increased as to again revive even the ashes that, under ordinary circumstances, were totally inadequate to support combustion. The extreme heat of the present summer the Professor easily explains from this fact. Of the absence of the dark spots, his refracting telescope, which has a lens two feet in diameter, fully assures him. Professor Bigelow, of Providence, corroborates all these statements, and fully proves that the sun will continue to remain bright, and its light to revivify all nature, until some terrible convulsion obscures its whole face.

Although the heat of this summer is satisfactorily accounted for, and the temperature of future summers prognosticated, there is much division among our scientific men as to the temperature of the coming winter. All agree that it will be cold. Some go so far as to assert that it will exceed many previous seasons in inclemency. Others deny it. We will not endeavor to decide these disputes, which are beyond our knowledge, if not our capacity.

AMONG the latest patents is a coasting sled for boys, which can be steered at will, without using the leg for a rudder, according to the old fashion. The sled rests upon four runners, and those forward can, with the aid of rods, be turned to the right or left by the lad, who sits upright, with both feet braced forward. But no kind-hearted genius has yet invented a sled which will pull itself up hill.

☞ The people of five towns in Connecticut assembled last week and gathered eighty bushels of blackberries, which have been made into 120 gallons of syrup for the soldiers.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices realized from $15 to 16½ ₩ 100 lbs net. Hogs at from $15,50 to 17,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7⅛ ₩ lb. 120 Cows brought from $25 to 65 ₩ head.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for Flour has been rather quiet this week; sales 18,000 bbls at $11,50@12 for extra; $12@12,50 for extra family; $13 for fancy lots, and superfine at $10,50@11 ₩ bbl, as to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $10,50 ₩ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet.

GRAIN comes in slowly; sales 40,000 bus Wheat at $1,50@2,55 for fair to prime old reds; $2,00@2,71 for new do, the latter for choice Delaware, and $3,75 @3 for white, including prime Kentucky. Rye is selling at $1,65@1,66 for Delaware and Penna. Corn, about 25,000 bus found buyers at $1,72@1,73 for Southern and Penna yellow, and $1,71 for mixed Western. Oats; sales 20,000 bus new, mostly at 88c, and old at 95c@$1.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally is firm but dull, with a small business to note in barrelled meats at $40@42 for mess Pork, and $30 to $30 for country and city packed mess Beef. Bacon moves off slowly at 20@25c for plain and fancy Hams, and 15@16c for Shoulders. Sides are held at 20c. Green Meats are scarce. Hams selling at 18@20c and Shoulders 17c. Of Lard, sales of 500 tierces are reported, at 24@25c; kegs are scarce. Butter is in request, and prime packed sells on arrival at 44@50c for Pennsylvania and Ohio; Goshen is worth 55c. Cheese is firm and selling at 20@25c ₩ lb, and Eggs at 21@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON.—The market has been very inactive, some 250 bales found buyers in small lots at $1,75@ 1,87 for ordinary to middling quality, cash.

ASHES.—Both kinds are firm, but very quiet.

BARK.—1st No 1 Quercitron is in steady demand at $51 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX is selling at 35c ₩ lb.

COAL.—There is little or nothing doing, quotations being nearly nominal at $10½@11½ ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE.—The market is firm; 400 bags, mostly Rio, have been disposed of at 50@52c, cash and time.

COPPER.—Yellow Metal Sheets are offered at 50c, and Bolts at 54c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce at 95c for Western.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit is arriving, and selling freely at from 50 to 75c ₩ basket for Apples and Peaches.

HAY is selling at $30 ₩ ton for baled.

HOPS are firmer, and first sort old crop sell at 35@40c.

IRON.—There is a steady inquiry for Pig Metal. We quote No. 3 at $60@67, No. 2 at $67@70, and No 1 Anthracite at $72@73, cash, and very little offering. Scotch Pig is quiet and prices nominal at $77@80. Blooms and Boiler Plates are scarce at $150@160 ₩ ton.

LUMBER meets with ready sale at $28 for Yellow Sap Boards, and $30@35 for White Pine, the former for inferior lots. Shingles and Lathe are steady.

PLASTER is scarce at $5,50 ₩ ton.

SEEDS.—There is very little doing in Clover seed. A small lot of new seed, the first of the season, was sold at $14 ₩ bushel. Timothy is inactive, and quoted at $5@6,50 ₩ bushel, with sales of 400@500 bushels at these figures. Of Flaxseed sales of 3000 bushels are reported at $3,65 ₩ bushel, which is an advance.

SPIRITS.—N E Rum is held at $2,25, without sales. Whiskey is unsettled and lower—185@186c for refilled, and 127@128c for western barrels.

SUGARS.—The market has been unsettled. Sales of 300 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 21½@21¾c, on the usual terms, chiefly at 22c.

TALLOW is firmer and more active, and about 150,000 lbs city sold at 19½@19¾c ₩ lb.

WOOL.—There has been very little movement in the market. Sales of 150,000 lbs are reported at 110 @120c for fleece, chiefly at 115c, for medium quality.

A SCIENTIFIC VEGETABLE COMBINATION OF RARE INGREDIENTS—NOT A DYE.

For changing gray hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hue appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It is also a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the first bottle from Edward H. Garrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Coates streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced its use. MRS. MILLER,
No. 730 North Ninth street, Philada.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $4. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-eow

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"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. Charles S. Robinson, late of Troy, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes of *Brown's Bronchial Troches*: "Rev. Mr. Booth gave me two or three from his pocket, a few years ago, recommending me to make a trial of them, for he had found them beneficial. I have kept them on hand ever since, and found them very serviceable after the weariness of speaking, as well as allaying the irritation consequent on a cold."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev W. Cathcart, Mr. JOSEPH R. ADAMS, to Miss MARY E. SAMUEL, both of this city.

On the 25th of Aug., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH FISHER, to Miss HENRIETTA WEBEL, both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. Norris Jones, Mr. JOSEPH GILBERT, to Miss SYLVANIA F. LEE, both of this city.

On the 21st of Aug., by the Rev. P. T. Calhopper, Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, to Miss SARAH H. HUTCHINSON, both of this city.

On the 24th of Aug., by the Rev. Thos. Murphy, Mr. SAMUEL D. HARPER, to Miss ELIZABETH P. FAUSCH, both of Frankford.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. J. G Maxwell, Mr. HIRAM KRIDER, of White Haven, to Miss JANE AMELIA, daughter of Adam Mohl, Esq., both of this city.

On the 5th of April, by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. MORRIS L. MOORE, to Miss KATE M. KOLB, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Aug., 8th month, ANDREW COMSTOCK, M. D.

On the 30th of Aug., MARY ANNA, daughter of Wm. and Elizabeth Willets, in her 17th year.

On the 30th of Aug., Mr. JOHN HALSTEAD, aged 64 years.

On the 29th of Aug., MRS. SARAH JONES, in her 78th year.

On the 29th of Aug., WILLIAM MYERS, Esq., in his 30th year.

On the 29th of Aug., FRANKLIN GARDNER, in his 60th year.

On the 29th of Aug., JAMES W. B. ERWIN, aged 36 years.

On the 28th of Aug., Mrs. SARAH E. LEWIS, aged 23 years.

On the 28th of Aug., ISABELLA MILLER, in her 21st year.

On the 27th of Aug., JESSE WARNE, in his 87th year.

On the 28th of Aug., in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality, MARY, beloved daughter of Joseph and Ann Saul, in her 16th year.

Her spirit was fluttering impatiently here,
Like a newly fledged bird in its nest,
It longed to wave its young wing in the air,
And flee to the land of the blest

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SHARP SHOOTING.—A private in the 7th U. S. C. T. got a sight on a rebel sharp-shooter and fired through one of the rifle-holes on the breastworks, merely large enough to enable him to put the muzzle of his musket through and sight his object. Having fired he withdrew his weapon to observe what effect he had made, when, from a distance of about three hundred yards, a ball passed through the rifle-hole, entering the head of this colored defender and killing him instantly. This is the second instance of the kind which has come under my notice, and may be regarded as either wonderfully expert or surprisingly accidental. This unfortunate soldier's name was Stanley, and was a member of company B.—*Corres. of Philada. Press.*

THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENT.—A suitor having gained the affections of a daughter of Professor Wilson, waited upon "papa," and stated his case—of which the professor had a previous inkling. The young gentleman was directed to desire the lady to come to her father, and doubtless her obedience was prompt. Professor Wilson had before him in review some work, on the fly-leaf of which was duly inscribed, "With the author's compliments." He tore this out, pinned it to his daughter's dress, solemnly led her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

WHOLE number of sheep in Ohio, 4,300,000, and this year's wool will be 19,000,000 pounds, worth $15,000,000. Throughout the west the farmers are taking the money they get for their wool and investing it in more sheep, as wool-growing is very profitable just now.

☞ Wealth and rank and beauty may form a brilliant setting to the diamond, but they only expose more nakedly the false glare of paste.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

How Tom Flinn was Acquitted.

A Kentucky Advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotton yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavings, gentlemen—you all know Tom Flinn, and—on honor now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it. Thomas Flinn! Why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotton yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountaings o' Kentucky, and Napoleon were a fighting the battles of Europe—do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin', Tom Flinn! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and the purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and Mississippi! That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, are a fact. You can bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you can bet your bones on that! Now, pon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty! Gentlemen, I reckon not, I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of the jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty o' stealing that are hang o' cottin yarn than a toad are a tail!—yes, a tail, gentlemen!"

Verdict for the defendant.

A Strange Animal.

A gentleman of Strathdon said to his maid one night—

"Tell Finlay to rise very early to-morrow morning, and go down to Aberdeen for the upholsterer."

"Yes, sir. For the what did you say, sir?"

"For the upholsterer. He knows him."

"Finlay you are to rise very early, master says; and you are to call on me to make you a brose; and you are to go down to Aberdeen, and bring home a polsterer."

"A polsterer! What's that?"

"Master says you have seen him, and know what he is like.

"Me see him? In truth, I never did!"

So, next morning, Finlay comes in to his master very early, with his great-coat and long whip, and says—

"Master, must I take a one horse cart or a twohorse cart for that filthy bhaist?"

"What beast, you blockhead?"

"Whoy, that viled, lubberly bhaist, the polsterer."

Not at Home.—A worthy Hibernian, who was laboring under the delusion that men and women meant what they said, was tempted by a very cordial invitation from a lady of distinction to call at her house. The servant opened the door so quick that her voice was heard by Dr. M———, saying, "Tell him I am *not at home!*" His Irish wit came to his rescue, for he immediately said in a loud tone, to the darkey "Tell your mistress I have *not* called upon her this evening, as she wished me." The lady ran out, took the doctor by both hands, and laughed heartily at his ignorance of the greatest institution of respectable life—lying.

We have a specimen of the Celtic race in our kitchen, whose partiality for funerals, wakes, and other enjoyments of the representatives of that nationality is frequently manifested in a very ludicrous manner.

She asked a few days' leave of absence recently to visit a cousin.

On her return I asked if she had enjoyed herself.

"Faith, sir," said she, "and it was as good as a funeral *all the time.*"

Zimmerman, who was very eminent as a physician, went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him: "You have, I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world." This was rather a bitter pill for the doctor; but the dose he gave the king was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery: "Not so many as your majesty, nor with so much honor to myself."

A wag rose from his bed on the 31st of August, and exclaimed: "This is the last rose of summer."

Cooking in New Zealand.

The plan adopted by the Maories of cooking their viands is not peculiar to them, but commonly practised in various South-Sea Islands. It has been called *baking*, and one has heard about New-Zealand ovens; but *steaming*, we fancy, is the more fitting designation. By whatever term designated, the process is as follows:—A party of Maories will, we must first assume, have obtained the meat; and, as the case may be, vegetables. Hunger may press, and it is desired to cook the meat. Let us overlook the Maori cooks, and notice how they set about it. There will be nothing to shock our humanity now, cannibalism having ceased these thirty years. The New-Zealand Soyer will, if times are easy, exercise his art upon a pig; else it may be a dog, the latter always having been considered good eating by the Maories. Rats, too, may have been trapped; wild-duck, wild-pigeon, or parrots may have been caught in snares; eels may have been netted out of the nearest brook: every New-Zealand brook contains plenty, but hardly any other fish worth the catching. Whatever the prey, it is cooked in this wise, viz.: first a hole is dug in the earth of convenient size—a hole, in days that were, ominously like a man's grave; a fire is next lighted hard by, and stones, gathered promiscuously, are heated in that fire. When hot enough, the stones are laid flat in the pit, and covered over with a thin layer of leaves. A little water being now poured upon the leafy covering, the creature comforts are carefully arranged upon the leaves, just as a baker arranges his loaves upon the floor of an oven. Next an upper layer of leaves, by way of coverlet, to keep the dinner warm, and upon that coverlet all the earth that had previously been dug out of the pit. Necessarily, under this treatment the materials to be cooked are soon bathed in an atmosphere of steam. It is a treatment under which, we are informed, the very hardest integuments grow soft.

☞ Wadsworth says that "the tall mountains sleep night and day alike." Certainly, the very tall ones always have their white nightcaps on.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

Desdemona Employed on Household Duties.—"But still the house affairs would draw her thence," &c., &c.

Comical Animals.

We had a very intelligent Scotch terrier who was much attached to one of my sons, but we often observed that if we laughed at him he would look up at him with an expression of sorrowful indignation very curious to behold; indeed, I have seen my boy purposely pretend to laugh at our poor "Crab," who would walk away as if unable to endure it. Certainly man may be described as a laughing animal in contradistinction to other animals, for who ever saw the risible faculty excited in any of our household pets? I am not sure that we may not value them more because they cannot laugh at us, yet how fond of frolic and fun they often are. Poor "Crab" (now remembered with a sorrowful pleasure as belonging to the past) would join my children at a game of hide and seek with the greatest zest. One of the party would hide some small article, the rest turning their backs and covering their eyes to avoid seeing where it was deposited. We always showed "Crab" what was to be hid, and then covered his eyes also; and he seemed perfectly to understand the game; for when "Hid!" was called how impatient he was to be off, being always the first to find, no doubt owing to his sensitive nose. Once a *D'Oyley* was placed in a china jar on the mantelpiece, and when the dog was let loose he immediately looked up, and springing on a chair, would have vaulted from thence to the chimney-piece, had he not been restrained in his playful eagerness. * * The odd habits of animals are endless in their variety, and often highly amusing. I once knew a dog that would fly at any one who said "pork" to him. You had but simply to say "Pork, Bob," to be immediately seized by the trowsers, and, perhaps, the leg, and worried. Dogs abominate music, as a rule, and a cornopean will usually set nine dogs out of ten howling fearfully. I have read somewhere of a dog that would rest quietly enough on the rug while its mistress played tune after tune, but the moment she glided into "Annie Laurie," up he would spring, and bark himself almost into a fit, flying up at the performer's arms incessantly to induce her to cease; the tune changed, he would relapse into his former careless condition. Sporting dogs are often highly peculiar in their habits. I have known dogs that would not hunt for a bad shot; so that Leech's old caricature of the two dogs standing still in the turnip-field and proposing to go home and not hunt any longer for such a muff as their master, is not so very wild a caricature. A friend of mine had an old setter, who, if he got four or five points at the beginning of the day, and the shooter missed every shot, would sit down on his haunches and howl as though in mortal agony; if another shot was missed after this, down would go his tail, and away he would trot home, and nothing would induce him to stop. A friend, who had borrowed the dog, once came home in a great perturbation; he had "lost the dog." "Well," quoth my friend, "old Rock is not easily lost in this country. How did it happen?" The shooter explained. "Ah," said my friend, "you missed the first five or six shots, I expect, and the old dog will not stand that. He is safe enough in his kennel, I warrant." And sure enough, when they went out, there was old Rock, who saluted the unlucky gunner with a low growl that caused him to make a speedy retreat. As regards parrots, they often do know, to some extent, what they are saying.

I will not quote at full length Simeon's famous story of the parrot-talking-match, where the last bird that was brought into the room, seeing so many cages of parrots, gravely exclaimed, "My G—, what a lot of parrots," and thereby won the prize; but will recount an instance of parrot humor that happened to myself at Falmouth many years since. I was walking up the hill one day when I heard some one call out behind me, "Hoy." Thinking it was intended for me I looked round, but seeing no one behind me I continued my walk, when "hoy" was repeated louder than before; again I stopped and looked round, not a soul was in sight; and again I continued. "Hoy." Thinking some one was poking fun at me from some secure hiding-place hard by, I did not look round this time, when "hoy" hoy, hoy," was repeated in the most urgent tones. Again I came to a full stop, and looked round completely puzzled, for I could not make out where the rascal was who was thus fooling me, when an uproarious shout of laughter, a downright peal of intense enjoyment, ensued, and my gaze following the sound I detected Master Polly hung up in, and half hidden by, a large shady vine. Seeing he was detected the rogue cocked his head on one side, and looking at me with a most cunning expression, said: "Sold again! only Polly! sold! sold! sold!! Ha! ha! ha!" and, quite disgusted with being chaffed this way, I walked on, followed by shouts of laughter and choice selections of nautical phrases. I have no doubt whatever that, although the bird had been unquestionably taught this little amusement, and often practiced it, that he had sufficient sense to connect cause and effect, and to enjoy the embarrassment he created. —*Francis Francis.*

Take Care of the Children.

That children are so much left to the care of servants in so many families of the middle classes, is perhaps in many cases unavoidable. Nevertheless, it is a great evil. However attentive and conscientious servants may be, and even allowing them to possess the necessary intelligence, it cannot be expected that their efforts can ever fulfill the office of the loving, watchful eye of the mother. It has been observed that children who are attended to by their mother, who are undressed and put to bed by her, who open their eyes in the morning to behold her cheerful face and loving looks, who by her are dressed, and kept under her tender and judicious care throughout the day, are, as a rule, far more good-tempered, healthy, and intelligent than such as are left almost wholly to the care of servants. In addition to this, it should be borne in mind that the accidents which so frequently happen to children, and by which they are often crippled, maimed, or rendered idiotic, mostly arise from the negligence of those in whose care they are left by inconsiderate mothers. Parents who love their children, and are solicitous for their welfare, should give these considerations their earnest attention, for they are founded upon facts of the utmost importance in relation to domestic happiness and well-being.

☞ "Allow me," said a host in his most persuasive tones to a friend dining with him, "allow me to help you to a piece of Washington pie." "Sir," replied the gentleman oratorically, waving his napkin, "George Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. I admire him for his purity, his piety, and his patriotism, but I detest his pies."

☞ It is funny to hear how the whole household and its visitors talk to the baby. A king, in former times, kept one fool: every baby has a dozen.

AGRICULTURAL.

Soil for Flowers.

The Gardeners' Monthly contains the following excellent advice in regard to the best soil for flowers:

"Very few understand that an occasional change of soil is very beneficial to flowers in beds, though all know how important it is to flowers in pots. There is nothing better than surface soil from an old pasture, taken off about two inches deep, and thrown into a heap with about one-sixth part of old hotbed dung, partially to decay. In addition to this 'staple' item, a smaller quantity of different matters should be gathered together for peculiar cases or peculiar plants. Peat, for instance, will be found very useful for many kinds of plants. This is not, as is often supposed, mere black sand; but a spongy, fibrous substance from the surface of bogs and boggy wastes. Sand should be collected sharp and clean; the washings from turnpike ditches are as good as anything. Leaf-mould is best got already well decayed from the woods. A load or so of well-decayed cow-manure is a good thing for the gardener to have with him, as all those plants which dislike our hot summers, and want a cool soil to grow in, prefer it to any other manure. A small pile of hot-bed manure is almost indispensable to a garden.

Vinegar and Olive Oil.—A great part of the vinegar consumed in Paris is produced by the distillation of vine stalks. It is much stronger than vinegar produced from the distillation of wine, and it is consequently reduced by the addition of water previous to being offered for sale. The neighborhood of Orleans produces the greatest quantity of white wine vinegar sold in Paris. A great proportion of what is sold for olive oil is either poppy oil or beech oil flavored with olive oil. Unadulterated olive oil, which is scarce and dear in Paris, comes from Provence, (where the production is constantly diminishing,) from Genoa and the island of Candia. Algeria now supplies a large quantity of olive oil. Grape oil is produced chiefly in the departments of the Ford, the Pas de Calais, and Calvados, where the cultivation of the plant is a great source of wealth. It is used for the lamp, for painting, and in various manufactures. Fish oil, brought to France by the boats engaged in the northern fishery, is chiefly employed in dressing leather.

Protection to Fruit Trees.

This question was discussed at the recent meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York. The President said: "It is demonstrated that protection is needed. We need it in spring, when vegetation is just starting. The shelter a town affords insures crops of fruit in our town yards when the farmer's crop fails utterly. Evergreens are a better protection than decidious trees." James Vick remarked that on the prairies the outside rows of orchards exposed to the winds were of little value except as affording protection to the balance of the orchard—especially those on the side exposed to the prevailing winds. Mr. Moody said the south and east sides of his orchard bore the most fruit. John J. Thomas, of the Country Gentleman, said:

"In New Jersey, recently, I saw belts of evergreens twenty feet high, and within a certain distance of these belts—the distance being the range of their protection—the crop of grain, grass and fruits was fifty per cent. greater than beyond that range. I think the Norway spruce is the best tree, perhaps, for protection. I believe that twenty years hence it will be wondered that fruit growers of the present day did not know more about protection."

Raise the Calves.—We have said it before, and say it again, that the common practice of selling our calves to the butcher, is one of the poorest pieces of farm husbandry ever practiced. Not that every small farmer who may have one or two can profitably raise them, but that every farmer who has the keeping, or any legitimate way of getting it, should keep his calves until they are two or three years old. We do not advocate the keeping of any more stock than can be *well* kept. Very many of our farmers, by selling their calves, have let their stock run out, so does the farm also. Now we want such ones to turn over a new leaf. Commence the raising of your calves. They will gradually increase your stock, and as your stock increases in numbers, so will your fields in fertility.—*Michigan Farmer.*

Grapes in Spring.—A box of fine, plump Catawba grapes in prime condition, received from Josiah Carpenter, commission merchant of this city, March 1st, proves conclusively what has often been asserted, viz., that grapes can be kept in good condition until spring. Mr. Carpenter receives and sells about 500 pounds of similar grapes per week, for J. W. Prentiss, of Steuben county, N. Y. They bring 30 cents per pound, wholesale, and often, 50 to 60 cents at the fruit stands on Broadway. Mr. P. keeps them in an even, cool temperature, and sends them to market in mild weather, packed in thin wooden boxes one foot long, ten inches wide, and six inches deep, (10 lbs. per box,) with coarse paper for a lining.)

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Beef Soup.—Four pounds of fresh beef; four quarts *cold* water; two large spoons of salt, which makes the fat rise, and it should be skimmed first thing. Boil very slowly, as hard boiling toughens meat. If it should be necessary to use more water, let it be boiling hot when added. When the meat becomes tender add a little rice. It will require four or five hours to make this soup.

To Preserve Magnum Bonum Plums.—Prick them with a needle to prevent bursting, simmer them very gently in thin syrup, put them into a china bowl, and, when cold, pour the syrup over. Let them lie three days, then make a syrup of 3 lbs. of sugar to 5 lbs. of fruit, with no more water than hangs to large lumps of the sugar dipped quickly and instantly brought out. Boil the plums in this fresh syrup, after draining them from the first; do them very gently till they are clear and the syrup adheres to them; put them one by one into small pots, and pour the liquor over them.

Biscuits for eating with cheese. Take as much flour as you want for your biscuits, and with skim milk mix it into a very stiff paste, after which roll it out to about the thickness of a penny, then cut it into small pieces, the size of a shilling, and after rolling them out very thin bake them in a quick oven.

A Preventive Against Infection.—Burn a small piece of saltpetre in each room. If obliged to visit the infected house drink some water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved, and when the door of the cottage or room is first opened stand a little to one side, so as not to receive the first rush of air from the infected house.

To Cure Offensive Breath.—Cleanse the mouth and teeth freely with powdered charcoal, and particularly after every meal, when unusually offensive. If the teeth be furred, have them immediately scaled, decayed ones stopped or removed, and useless stumps extracted. Take at bed-time, occasionally, a mild dose of jalap and rhubarb, and the following morning a dose of Epsom salts.

Camphorated Dentifrice.—Prepared chalk, one pound; camphor, one or two drachms. The camphor must be finely powdered by moistening it with a little spirits of wine, and then intimately mixed with the chalk.

Black Lacquer for Boots and Shoes, Harness, &c.—Mix four ounces of shellac and half an ounce of the finest lamp black in a stone bottle, with twenty ounces of alcohol of the strength of eighty degrees, and close the mouth of the bottle with a damp bladder. Add nothing more to the mixture for twenty-four hours, but shake it often in that time. Then pierce a hole in the bladder with a needle, place the bottle in hot water and let it stand for half an hour, taking it out often to shake it. Unfasten the bladder skin, pour one ounce of Venetian turpentine into the bottle, close up the mouth again and place it once more in warm water. The bottle should be kept always corked, and it requires to be shaken before using the contents. —*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

To Tan with Hair On.—This is best done when the hides are green; if dry, soak until soft; rub well with salt, or put enough on to salt well; fold and lay away two or three days; flesh them well; then take pulverized alum, one quarter of a pound per skin, apply evenly with a pepper box, or something of the kind; sprinkle with water so as to render it perfectly damp; fold or roll it up and lay away six or eight days; then rub or scrape well while drying with a smooth edged iron or steel, or something made for the purpose. After this process the hide will be well tanned, and the hair well set.—*Maine Farmer.*

Specks upon a looking-glass don't do much harm. Many persons see best through specs.

THE RIDDLER.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My 1st is in part, but not in whole.
My 2d is in mind, but not in soul.
My 3d is in good, but not in well.
My 4th is in cellar, but not in cell.
My 5th is in take, but not in give.
My 6th is in health, but not in live.
My 7th is in battle, but not in din.
My 8th is in brass, but not in tin.
My 9th is in new, but not in old.
My 10th is in copper, but not in gold.
My 11th is in open, but not in shut.
My 12th is in palace, but not in hut.
My 13th is in pledge, but not in law.
My 14th is in broken, but not in flaw.
My 15th is in read, but not in spell.
My 16th is in hill, but not in dell.
My 17th is in tree, but not in shrub.
My 18th is in water, but not in tub.
My 19th is in door, but not in bar.
My whole is a nuisance since the commencement of the war. MAUD.

Riddle.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of five letters.
Cut off my head, and I am a plant, the seeds of which form a wholesome and nutritious food.
Again curtail, and I am a Polar staple.
My whole is a space of time.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

To gain my first doth the mariner sigh,
When storms rage and seas run high.
To gain my second, full many have given
Their peace on earth, their hope of heaven.
My whole, though but a paltry thing,
May hold the ransom of a king.
Chebanse, Iroquois Co., Ill. O. M.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

A point (A) is established at a convenient distance from a mountain in the horizontal plane of its base, then the distance of 13057⅞ feet is taken to a point (B) which is also in the horizontal plane of the mountain base, and in a direct line from (A) to base of mountain. (So that a line produced from (A) through (B), to a plum line dropped from the summit, form an angle of 90 degrees.) From the top of the mountain the visible horizon appeared depressed, 2 deg. 13 min. 27 sec.; the angle as formed by plum line and a line conceived to touch (A), is 50 deg.; the angle formed by plum line to touch (B) is 20 deg. Required, the height of the mountain, the distance of horizon, and the diameter of the earth? MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

If, owing to the curvature of the moon's surface, the difference of level in one mile is 30 inches, required, the diameter of the moon?
JAS. M. GREENWOOD.
Paulvills, Adair Co., Mo.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

To find two numbers, such that if each be subtracted from the sum of their cubes, the remainder shall be cubes. DAVID S. HART.
Stonington, Ct.
☞ Artemas Martin please answer.

Diophantine Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

It is required to find four integral square numbers, such that if from the first any one of the other three be subtracted, the remainder shall be a square. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What trade is an author? Ans.—A paper-stainer.

☞ Why is a gun like a newspaper? Ans.—Because it makes reports.

☞ When is a young man of the greatest use at a supper-party? Ans.—When he's a spoon.

☞ Why is a thief in a garret like an honest man? Ans.—Because he is above doing a bad action.

☞ What class of women would make the best coachmen? Ans.—Milliners, because they are accustomed to handling the ribbands.

☞ If you wished your son to get on in trade what business would you advise him to mind? Ans.—His own.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Alphabet, a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z. ENIGMA—The Noble General Grant. CHARADE—Catastrophe, (Cat, abs, trophy.) RIDDLE—Germantown. DOUBLE REBUS—Joseph S. Ross, Jr., Capt. L. B. Chester, (Jarmac, Olla-po-drida, Sloop, East, Paul, Hub, Sic, Roach, Ordinate, Socrates, Scott, June, Ruyter.)

Answer to MAGIC SQUARE, by W. Siverly, published July 23d:—

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

Jas. M. Greenwood, E. W., St. Louis, and Morgan Stevens. We have the numbers arranged differently answering the same, from J. N. Soders, W. A. Amberg, and W. Siverly. We publish the above because given by three, while each other answer is different.

Answer to PROBLEM by Gill Bates, same date—16 in. W. Siverly, J. N. Soders, Jas. M. Greenwood.